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SHADES OF THE DEAD.—No. VIII.

(THE HUMOURISTS: II.)

BURTON.

A MELANCHOLY temperament is essential to a humourist. Without a portion of 'humorous sadness' he becomes either a mere empiricist, or soars into the higher regions of the positive intellect. Acute observation, descriptive speciality, subtle intuition of character, apt appropriation, and skilful contrast are equally the attributes of the moral philosopher and the historian. The one applies them in the classification of proofs and facts which he appends to his theorems, and which illustrates his terminology. The other employs them in his summaries of character, in his analysis of policy, and his inference from events, in fixing and defining the faint lights and fleeting shadows which combine to produce essential difference in outward and apparent resemblance, yet neither need possess, nor can with propriety exhibit, any portion of the true humorous. The poet also, as well as the humourist, employs, in a higher degree, solemn imagination, active fancy, and universal contemplativeness; but the difference between them is not in degree only, but in application, for the harmonious union of opposite qualities of intellect, the working instruments of understanding, and the more origination and sublime properties of mind—their fusion into a middle essence, partaking of the nature of either, and yet specially different from both, can be effected only by their passing through the slow furnace of humour and melancholy, which, sublimating the pure ethereal and precipitating the mere earthly portions of the others, produces a new compound—a secondary element for fresh creation—the true and proper humorousness. This process it is important to remark in every disquisition on the nature and attributes of humour, since certain powers of observation and description, when applied to subjects either humorous in themselves, or capable of producing the humorous in particular combinations of place and time, accident and circumstance, may approximate to humour, and be easily mistaken for it, while they really belong to empiricism alone. The shades of difference and the means of distinction between the true humorous and the developments of purer intellectual power are more clearly marked and less liable to confusion, since the presence or the negation of the positive at once determines the class to which such compositions, as appear at first on debateable land, should be referred. The novels of Richardson owe their principal charm to their painful delineation and anxious portraiture of ordinary life. He describes a remarkable variety of character from the polished and courtly Grandison to the honest bluntness of Pamela's father: but he delineates only; he takes them from the life, with all the accidents and circumstances of outward being which surround them; he misses none of their properties and attributes as individuals and persons, but he does not represent his abstractions as belonging to and forming a portion of general human nature. He is too graphic, too much of the mere portrait painter to be a humorous artist; he takes likenesses, when he should convey individual speciality in connexion with generic resemblance. The back-ground of his pictures is as indefinite and as often repeated as the recurring curtain and pillar in common portraits, which merely occupy the vacant spaces of the canvass, without harmonizing with the figure, or leading on the attention or the memory, by inference or association, to objects outlying and be-

yond the immediate eye-point of person and place. Fielding's characters, on the contrary, never make their appearance without a numerous train of goodly company and pleasant remembrances. We look at Sir Charles Grandison as if Sir Peter Lely had painted him, courtly, glossy, and voluptuous. The next picture is Harriette Byron, but the frames and the wall-space are between. But who ever images Tom Jones unattended by Sophia and Western, Philosopher Square and Partridge and goodly Mrs. Honour? who ever thought of Joseph Andrews without an expansion of mirthful consciousness, like a warm human hand laid on the heart, or a smile on the lips in grave company, felt but not allowed; at the necessary co-presence of Parson Adams? Richardson remarked and delineated, with a faithful hand and an accurate eye, the pathetic, the homely, and the sensual in human life; he was a pleasant empiricist. Fielding contemplated them as his materials for new creation, felt and recorded them as portions of his own being and of universal humanity; but he analysed them to recombine, separated them to combine, and produced not the special and personal features of mere portraiture, but a mirror-picture of the moving and changing perspective in the light and shadow of ordinary and social life. He was an original and essential humourist, with the calm melancholy repose of the epic poet.

Robert Burton, the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' is an instance of the intimate connection of the melancholy with the humorous. He set himself to consider 'melancholy, madness, and sorrow,' their causes and effects, the nature of the disease, and the means of remedy, and, by implication, he produced a work of true and proper humour. In the writings of the mere empiricist, we are indifferent and careless of the personal circumstances of the author, for the outgrowth of observation and understanding can never immediately affect the sympathies and the feelings; and the higher forms of poetry or philosophy so absorb and abstract the entire soul, that they seem rather the creations of pure spirit and the necessary consequence of a higher moral cultivation than the elaborate productions of any individual mind; but the humourist, from his dealing constantly with the humanities of life and man, and from his personal implication with them as a communicant of their nature and fellowship, interests us for himself; and he is the central nerve which vibrates through the whole system of harmony blending and identifying the affections and feelings of the reader with the thoughts and sympathies of the man in the author, and no one better understood the value of this harmony of feeling or showed more skill in producing it than Burton. It is impossible to close his learned and contemplative volumes without lively curiosity about the genius and character of the author, and a yearning to be well acquainted with his person and habits; fortunately the wish is gratified in some measure by the means which gave rise to it, for if we except professed auto-biography, like that of Cibber, Gibbon, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury—or a word-and-look chronicle, like Boswell's, it would be difficult to name any book so full of personal notices, and life-anecdotes; and these too conveyed by every variety of method, by allusion and implication, expression and design, inserted in the text, or added in a note. We are sitting with him in his room at Brazen-nose, or Christ Church, or in his parsonage house at Seagrave, in Leicestershire. The author and the man are not two beings; the one for solemn festivals, and holidays, and ready drest, and seated to receive the calls of the public; and the other at wine and wal-

nuts with his afternoon friends. But he is ever in his elbow-chair by a fair oriel window of deep stone-work and grotesque tracery with its close-latticed casement and upper arches of mellow-hued glass. 'A little wearish old man,' (as he describes Democritus,) very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness, wholly addicted to his studies and a private life; in a loose folding gown of sad coloured damask, scholastic bands of blanched lawn, or comely ruff, with its tube-shaped ridges and double rows stiffened with that famous yellow starch (which called down the animadversion of 'Stubbes in his anatomy of abuses,') a close cap of black or murrey-coloured velvet: and sitting at a corner-table hidden, except where a huge claw-foot of bronze metal or polished oak peeps out, by a coverlet of that gravely gorgeous embroidery that Rembrandt loved to paint. And he expounds to us, in his character of Democritus junior, 'melancholy madness and sorrow.'—Now, quoting the authority of the old Eastern physicians Rhasis, Avicenna, Averrhoes, whose long mantles of Syrian silk swept majestically on the palace-pavement of Bassora and Bagdat, or citing grave Hippocrates with his serpent twined rod, subtle Galen and proconsular Plinius. Then instancing his own personal experience of melancholy, and being now again with present time chirping and chaffering over some gossiping anecdote, day-news from the Mercurius Britannicus, or a weak point discovered in one who had long been held grave and wise. Afterwards solemnly accounting for his great melancholy, 'for Saturn was lord of his geniture culminating, and Mars principal significator of manners in partite conjunction with his ascendant,' &c. but soon unawares letting out that he was a disappointed man in his hopes of preferment, and venting his spleen on the oppressive and narrow-minded church-patrons, which leads him to speak of an utopian parity of government wherein he may legislate at pleasure—a kingdom of sages—Campanella's city of the sun, the new Atlantis. He has read many good authors since the anatomy was first published. Their very names have taken degrees, and savour of school-learning and the Sorbonne. 'Frambesarius, Sennertus, Ferandus,' such as were grave and gown-ed scholars in their very cradle, dedicated things to the mysteries of Aquinas and Duns Scotus predestinated to adorn the dark wainscots of college walls with their sad and solemn looks on pannel-paintings and portraits on wood. He is 'aque potor,' a water drinker, and he quotes precedents and vouchers for his abstinence, from Scripture, from Eastern history, and strange traditions. 'The Israelites drank water in the wilderness; Sampson, David, Saul, Abraham's servant, and how many besides might I reckon up, Egypt, Palæstina, whole countries in the Indies, that drink pure water all their lives. The Persian kings themselves drank no other drink than the water of Choaspis that runs by Susa.' He is ever congratulating himself for having been bred a student: and compares his condition with that of Jovius, who lived in the Vatican Library thirty-seven years, wholly devoted to a studious retirement; yet, as Diogenes went into the city, and Democritus to the haven to see fashions, he for his recreations now and then walks abroad, looks into the world and cannot chuse but make some little observation, sometimes laughing and scoffing with Lucian, and satyrically taxing with Menippus, lamenting with Heraclitus.' Thus identifying himself with the foregone master-humourists of the olden times.

Indeed there is singular propriety in his assuming

the name and personating the character of Democritus junior, since history has recorded a remarkable and common feature in the life of the true Democritus and his modern representative. It is a coincidence full of deep meaning and grave philosophy, and very instructive as example, and mournful in experience, if it be rightly considered. 'He lived,' (says Burton of Democritus) in a garden in the suburbs of Abdera, wholly betaking himself to his studies and to a private life, saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw.' Mr. Granger relates of Burton, 'that he composed his book with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree that nothing could make him laugh but going to the bridge-foot and hearing the ribaldry of the barge men, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter.'

It is a melancholy thought and sad assurance, that these passing and inconsidered shadows which fall from the daily life of noble and heroic students are too often the brief abstract and emblem of their whole life-history. Their youthhood is pale and unnoticed, like a fair flower in a dark room. This spring-time of early feeling, the may-dawn of mind, the morning blossom of unfolding powers, and the abundance of the heart are tangled and choked up by way-side thorns, withered by arid winds, and chilled by the lingering rear-clouds of retiring winter. And should they struggle through these marsh-wastes and rank weed-beds, and manhood painfully and slowly spread its summer flowers and coming fruitage beneath the warm sun and cradling air, still the life-weeds are ever seeding themselves among the flower-roots, and clinging round the freshest leaves and stems—and an enemy sows tares while the good man is sleeping—and when he thinks to gather in the harvest, that his soul may rest and be at ease in the long winter nights—for now the equinox of his days is passed, and his hours becoming grey in the twilight of his being—behold the ears are few, and thin, and blighted, and the sower joys no longer in his field, and perhaps while the sickle is yet in his hand, and the swathe bowed down before him, himself is bowed down in death and gathered into the grave, and they for whom he tilled his field and wearied it with shares and harrows, have trodden down the green corn, or flung abroad the sheaves, or left them to November rains and the chill-frost-nights of winter. And it may be, that, many years past, a few solitary sheaves are gleaned into other garner, and the Goodman of the harvest forgotten or coldly praised; when indeed the voice of praise, and a good name are as welcome to his grave, as the breath of spring awakening the birds, and the west winds and the pleasant murmur of free waters to a barren ruin on a solitary shore. The mirth of broken spirits is as a lost echo of revelry and laughter wandering homelessly from a lighted banquet hall to an unremembered vault beneath; and such men as have never known the warm pressure of friendly hands, and the kindly looks and comfortable words of the home-hearth, 'go down to the harbour,' seeking some contrast to the weary monotony of their life-dire, not the sweet under-tones, and gentle harmonica notes of joy and calmness which vibrate on the heart strings of happiness.

But the melancholy of Burton was tempered by intervals of enjoyment and cheerful varieties of social life. He is described by Wood as 'very merry, facete, and juvenile, and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready wit and dexterous interlarding his common discourses among them (the ancients of Christ church) with verses from the poets and sentences from classic authors.' Another identification of the author with the man. For the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a mosaic pavement of choice and erudite quotation. Divinity seems to have been his favourite science; he 'acknowledges it the queen of professions, to which all the rest are as handmaids; but melancholy being a common infirmity both of body and soul, and such a one as hath as much need of a spiritual as a corporal cure, he hopes it is not

unbecoming him, by profession a divine, by inclination a physician, who hath Jupiter in the sixth house, to take some pains in the theorick of physic, and discourse of melancholy madness; yet he never looked upon the anatomy but as a digression from nobler employments, 'a rillet deducted from the main channel of his studies in which he has pleased and busied himself at idle hours as a subject most necessary and commodious.' The mind of a true humourist, like Burton, unable to attain the positive, and from the uneasy restlessness of his spirit ill content with mere repose and nothingness, loves such digressions, by-observations, fond imaginings of things otherwise than they are, quaint contrasts of similars and strange pairings of opposites. An utopian imagination, a sojourning for a little space with hopes and goodly fancies, a melancholising by woods and waters in autumn evenings, folded arms, smiling to himself, and talking to his shadow, and communing with those ancient humourists, and melancholy students of the olden world, scoffing Lucian, taxing Menippus, and lamenting Heraclitus, are the proper ailments of the negations and woven-hued twilight of the humourist. Burton's wit is sarcastic, piercing, and shrewd; it has none of the solemn contemplativeness of Brown, and has more of the antique satire than of modern humour. With him the vices and follies of individuals are the proper exponents of the dispositions of classes: and the errors and vanities of classes are emblems of the general madness of all human nature. He has a sublime indifference for the value of authority and opinion; not that he rejects example and passed judgments, but he impartially admits to an Amphictyonic council all instances, sentences and sayings which occur to him in his universal reading, where Athens has no more votes than Ægina, and Plataea is as good as Lacedæmon. He cites all the evil and all the good which has been said of Socrates, but whether he regards him, as the oracle asserted, the wisest man of all Greece, or as a monster of profligacy, licentiousness, and atheism, is left in doubt; and his scepticism is conveyed by such a counter-position of evidence, quotation, tradition, and opinion, as that it might be envied by the cautious infidelity of Bayle himself. He always keeps within the province of humorous negation, by attaching no prominent value to either side, by insinuating no artful arrangement or sudden conclusion, to show by implication, like Bayle and Gibbon, his real sentiments, and by ludicrously neutralising any chance decision or escaped judgment in his sharp turnings off to another subject, and the solemn impartiality in which he leaves the question, as vague and undecided as at the outset.

The unlimited power of quotation which he possesses is the most obvious feature of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' on a first perusal, and the quality that ever strikes with the greatest force the ordinary and casual reader. Memory sinks at the very idea of such a burden; labour recoils from it; Methuselah's longevity, the solitude of a hermit, the capacity of a Scaliger, and the portentous industry of the elder Plinius can alone lift and support it. No ponderous folio of extracts can be so arranged and digested as to make his quotations of easier access than before they were taken from the original authors; it is impossible to solve the problem of his memory, and could we find a solution, or propose a theory of any likelihood to account for it, another and greater marvel remains, his apt appropriation and ready insertion, and felicitous position of his extracts, which are not long abstracts and prominent quotations only, but single sentences, proverbs, pithy sayings, half lines, separate words, often used not as proofs or authorities, but as a part of his own language, the vehicle of his thoughts, not the collateral vouchers for the opinions of others. Neither is the maze of sentences, apophthegms, and mottoes like the conversation of Sir Hudibras:

'A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
—A parti-coloured dress
Of patched and pyc-balled languages;
Or English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.'

But though it partakes of the pedantry of the age, from which not even Bacon was free, it forms a clear and luminous whole—a combination of scattered particles and beams of light into one-coloured air—a complex of wisdom, experience, and observation into entireness and circular completion.

This analysis of his humour involves necessarily the history of his style, but one circumstance relating to it is too curious to be omitted, since it illustrates the peculiar literature of his age, and extenuates and explains the irregularity of his manner. He proposed to write the 'Anatomy' in Latin, considering, perhaps like Petrarch, that all modern languages were too changeable and uncertain to ensure perpetuity or long duration. 'It was not mine intent to prostitute my muse in English or to divulge "*secreta Minervæ*," but to have exposed this more contract in Latin—if I could have got it printed—any scurrile pamphlet is welcome to our mercenary stationers in English.' Burton lived in an age preceding the troubled seasons of action and mind which transferred the pen of the scholar into the hand of the soldier, and united practical activity with abstruse speculation. The fermentation of thought and spirit, which came to a crisis in a few years after his time, had then begun, and the rugged but earnest zeal of the growing controversies had become impatient of the scholastic monopoly of a common language. The vernacular tongue which Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser, and Hooker had employed and matured was better adapted than the courtly and polished idiom of the Latin language, to convey the force and grapple with the strength of the feelings and the free thoughts of civil and religious enfranchisement. This change, so beneficial and necessary to the growth and formation of nationality in spirit and action, was seen with indignant regret by the silent and sedentary inmate of a college, and Burton excuses the unevenness of his style and the roughness of his manner under the plea of being compelled to write in his own language—'to prostitute his muse in English.'

They who read the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' as a book for leisure hours and dip into it at hazard—here a page and there a chapter—now lighting on a pleasant tale, an unemployed poem (for there are many such) in the 'Love Melancholy,' or a personal notice of the author in the symptoms, or an apt quotation for some favoured doctrine in the causes of religious melancholy, may derive amusement and perhaps instruction in their desultory game of literary hide-and-seek. But let not such consider themselves qualified to pronounce on the just merits of Burton, or to assign his due rank in English mind. A second, perhaps a third perusal can alone shew the close connection of the parts, the logical sorites of the dependent chapters, and the ordered and systematic philosophy of the entire work. That Burton himself never dreamed of writing for careless readers and passing observers the following quotation will prove:—'I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, mihi et musis, in the university, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens ad senectam ferè to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study—for I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing college of Europe—I would therefore, be loth, either by living as a drone, to be an unprofitable member of so learned and noble a society, or to write that which should be in any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation.' This is the honourable boldness and just self-reliance of a man who knew and governed the power within him by the laws of sovran reason, and the spirit of earnestness and truth. This is not the sudden and quaint profession of a mere curious thinker to preserve in keeping his personate singularity and selfish affectation, but the serious purpose and onward hope of one who like Theophrastus, intended that 'our posterity shall be better for this which we have written, by correcting and rectifying what is amiss in themselves by our examples, and applying our precepts and cautions to their own use.' W. S.

DIOCLESIAN.

Dioclesian. A Dramatic Poem. By Thomas Doubleday. 12mo. pp. 140. Hurst and Chance. London, 1829.

SCPTICISM, that is the want of trust in the conscience and the reason, is as natural to man as ignorance, or passion, or any other infirmity, which, though lowering us beneath the ideal of our being, is yet proper to humanity as distinguished from the brutes. No one dreams of saying that an animal is ignorant or ambitious; for the words express deficiencies and weaknesses that pre-suppose something adequate to supply or overcome them. These and other evil characteristics of men arise from insufficiency or perversion of the will, and imply that there is a standard within us by which we judge of them, and note the error; and powers that might, if wisely directed, avail us for attaining the good of which we feel the want. We are exalted then above the beasts in two particulars,—by the consciousness of wants which they have not, and of faculties by which those wants can be supplied. Men who have not the consciousness of the deficiencies are in the lowest state of possible degradation, and no community of such has ever existed on earth, for even in the most wretched tribe of savages there is a conjuror who awes them by his supposed communion with the Invisible. But this feeling of a craving void, which divides our affections from our instinctive convictions, and which, for opposite reasons, exists neither in brutes nor angels, has seldom been done away with by religion among the larger portion of any people. In some nations the chasm has been left a dark and acknowledged abyss, with a few graceful phantoms hovering high above it, and a thousand obscene or horrid shadows dancing on the edge, and luring the drunken devotee to mingle in their whirls and fall from the precipices. In others tradition and superstition have weakly bridged it over. In a few utter sensuality has so blinded the sight that men have denied the existence of the gulf. In later times and European countries, a morality guarded by revelation and based thereon, has filled it up, for the wise and zealous, with a connected structure solid as the pillars of the globe. Under these last-mentioned circumstances it is not wonderful that men should be prejudiced against all who proclaim loudly the existence of that gap in the mind which nothing but a spiritual life, hard to be nourished, and a faith sorely won, can ever close, and who do not at the same time announce and enforce the certainty and completeness of the remedy which that life and faith supply. This prejudice has been much increased by the vanity and dishonesty of many writers who have dealt with the aching weaknesses of our nature, as merely affording occasion for the display of their own selfish and short-sighted power; men who probe the wound, not to heal but to irritate it. Much, moreover, of what has been published in this vein is so dashed with self-conceit and rhetorical jargon, that honesty may well question whether it is prompted by any experience whatever of the inward struggles and agonies so glibly and yet vaguely narrated. Yet there must be some very general sympathy with the mythological manichæism which drenches so many volumes of our modern poetry, and which is admired not only in the 'Cain' of Lord Byron, but even in the more recent 'Cain' of some anonymous mountebank. We are persuaded that these tendencies to intellectual despair and moral anarchy are in very many minds of our day most real and profound, and that, though taken advantage of by quacks and ranters, for the sake of vulgar praise and pudding, they might furnish opportunity to men of the loftiest genius. Believing this, we think it unfortunate that some good and many decent persons should attribute all the gropings of our human perplexities, and all the tones of our natural distress, to mere showy affectation or deliberate hardness of heart. The mode in which the doubts and difficulties, caricatured in much of our modern literature, and indicated in more of it, have been answered, is one either of puling sentimentality, or of dead and spiritless dogmatism, both of them manifesting an absence of genuine thought and emotion far more opposed to sound religion than the complaints, or even ravings, of the obnoxious authors.

Would to God that we had among us some great writer thoroughly comprehending the states of mind partly mimicked, partly described, and much misrepresented in 'Manfred,' and 'Cain,' and even in 'Alastor'; a writer who, without putting forward the remedy, should exhibit plainly, truly, and in adequate images, the nature of the struggle, and the ground of the inward controversy, which every man must have experienced in some degree, but to which every changing age has brought some characteristic difference. A just and definite picture of ourselves and our condition would be far more beneficial to us than a thousand such vain rants as the religious poems of the day; and the painter who should show us to ourselves, without permitting fancy to add a gloss, or vanity to exalt our writhings and hide our sores, would serve mankind infinitely more really and permanently than even the utmost wisdom and eloquence of a philosophic system.

The poem of Mr. Doubleday has led us to these remarks, inasmuch as it is one more of the works in which man's moral nature is displayed as subjected to bewildered feelings and excited fancy. The character of *Dioclesian* is by a happy conception displayed in connection with a Pagan manichæism, to which in his latest age, and after his abdication, he is exhibited as devoting himself. This frame-work seems to us picturesque and ample; but we are sorry to say that the author has, in our opinion, but very imperfectly availed himself of it, and this from no particular narrowness of design or feebleness of execution, but from the want of any strong master purpose and precise meaning. This want affects the whole poem. The character of *Dioclesian* is vague: the faith and rites which he believes and practises are vaguer still. The hierophant who aids him is a shadowy embodying of a shadowy doctrine; and the two young lovers whom the writer introduces to heighten, relieve, and animate the picture with an earthly interest, are in turn glittering, cloudy, and unreal. Neither, in spite of considerable force and occasional beauty in the expressions and versification, is the language on the whole correct or unaffected.

Some of these faults, we fear, would be found in any work that Mr. Doubleday could at present write. Some of them, however, arise, we think, from this: it seems to us that the author has never conceived the state of mind in which alone a belief in manichæism would be likely to arise; he probably looked round him on the mythologies of the world, and selected that which he thought would produce the greatest effect on the fancies of his readers; but he has not considered with what thoughts and impulses and experience the doctrine he writes of would naturally connect itself, and he takes no pains, certainly no successful pains, to represent them in 'Dioclesian,' or to reproduce them in his readers. In one word, he is a rhetorician; he generally endeavours after not that which is in itself true and consistent, but that which is outwardly imposing; and unless he will correct this fault we do not believe he can ever successfully aspire to the fame of a poet. Yet there are many snatches of poetry in this little volume; Mr. Doubleday is a writer of much eloquence and some fancy; and amid the indolent decline and silent graves of other poets, we know not where to look for very recent passages of greater merit than these.

The first is a description of *Dioclesian's* watch-tower and companion:

HISPO.

Have you not
Heard of the "Tower of Giants" at Salona?
I had forgot. 'Twas builded since you wed
Maximian's daughter.

CONSTANTINE.

What talk'st thou of towers?—
Has he, like Adrian in his latter days,
E'en made his tomb his pastime?—

HISPO. (*With deep meaning.*)

Perchance he hath, my Lord.—

(*After a pause.*) Year after year,

A nation toil'd at the enormous pile.
Rock after rock was heap'd, with weariless
And mighty enginery,—till, as the tower
Rose on the giant circle of its base,
And taper'd up into the vast of air,
The huge and quarried masses shew'd like nuts
To him that ey'd them from the depth below.
There doth it frown; while half a province lies
In its wide shadow; as some sea-worn crag,
For ages sever'd from its kindred shore,
That rises, tow'ring o'er its subject rocks
Heap'd wildly round its feet, confused and dim,
Unknown by human footstep, human eye,
Or voice: the lone haunt of the sullen sea;
Black with salt herbage; silent; motionless;
Like shapeless ruins of some city, old,
Spoil'd by the wild and melancholy main.
There rustles, ever, that long, awful pulse,
As ocean beat with life—the solemn swell
That's never still; and as the waters rise
The surges echo mid the caves below;
While, on its misty head, the coarse, crisp grass
Or small-leaf'd sea flower, heedless of the din,
Spring's tranquilly, 'mid the keen brinish air.—
So, o'er Salona's marble splendour, towers
The airy *Dioclesian's* last retreat;
Uprising, vast, 'mid the dim vault of night;
Dark neighbour of the stars.—The journeying clouds
Strike on its massive sides; and on its top
The frozen dew of upper air are shed.—
Unheard by him who watches there, one voice
Of all the living and created things
That its vast shadow canopies.—The laugh
Of wild disport; the louder tongue of rage;
The clash of hoof; the trumpet's brazen call;
All the loud, mingled sounds which cities own—
Reach not yon summit's height—sacred to that
More dark than midnight, and more dread than silence.

CONSTANTINE.

Who watches on that tower?

HISPO.

The Magus old;
Disciple of that antique Pisabaist,
Manes, and the Arabian Zorodacht,
Whose children were the followers of that star
Which stood at Bethlehem; so wiser far
Than him who hath been blinded to its light;
Their now successor; the unholy seer;
The wonder-worker, and the prince of spells!
Apt scholar of the accursed Porphyry;
Amelius!—Pp. 23—26.

The hymn which we proceed to quote is heard by *Dioclesian* and *Amelius*, during one of their colloquies:

(*A faint and distant Hymn is heard, sung by many voices, which swells louder.*)

Hear Goddess—thou of varied crowns;
Hear Goddess—of dominion bland;
Hear—thou of power, 'mid many powers;
For whom the churlish Hyems frowns;
And Spring-time comes, with rosy hand;
And young Favonius scatters flowers.
For thee, wild Winter, coldly plumed,
And of her blooms brown Summer proud,
And Autumn of unnumber'd dyes—
For thee, are all their hues consumed,
And glories;—as the starry crowd
But pomp their Phœbus to the skies.—

DIOCLESIAN.

What strain is that?

Which floats upon the heavy breath of night,
As do the odours of the Summer flowers
Upon the deep sigh of the Thunder storm,
Or 'ere it falleth?—List! again! Amelius.
M. thinks it breathes as gentle as the air
That fans the faint leaf of the dying rose,
Yet harms it not. Goodness is still abroad.—

(*The Hymn is resumed.*)

Mild mother of Proserpina,
For thee the yellow Crocus springs
And rather Rose of Ivory shewn;
The Primrose seeks the smiling ray;
The Violet hidden perfume flings,
And will be lov'd, though not be seen.

For thee, his curls of delicate hue,
Sweet Hyacinth displays in joy;
For thee her bells the Myrtle bears;
And Daffodils their cups of dew;
The Rose that decks the winged boy
Is thine; and that which Hymen wears.

Their every day thou shalt assume;
For, without thee, in vain were gem'd
With flowers the Autumn-broider'd plain;
Let the brief Poppy for thee bloom;
And, round thy brow, be diadem'd,
The serried ears of golden grain—

DIOCLESIAN.

It is the youths and maidens, that do chaunt
Their wonted Hymn to Ceres, and invoke
Her influence o'er the all teeming Earth
To send us Fruits and Flowers, and plenteous Grain
From her beneficent breast. Innocent worship!
Oh! it doth rest as gently on mine ear—
As tenderly,—as the too-favoured beam,
Which sleeps within the bosom of that Flower,
Who but unfolds her beauties to the moon.
Shrinking from other eye.

Listen, Amelius.

(The Hymn is continued.)

Oh! quench the torches, burn'd too long;
Nor fill with shrieks the frighted plain,
For Proserpine—no longer here;
It is to do sweet Summer wrong,
And scorn her pleasurable reign,
Who gives a Flower for every tear.

But let the festal virgins raise
The dance, and glide on viewless feet,
To the quick tinklings of the lyre,
'Mid which, no guileful ardour plays,
Nor lingers, dangerously sweet,
The cruel, soft, deceiving fire.

For thee—the voices that are wreat'h'd
In harmony, should be sweetly wild
As is the evening breath of June;
For thee, the music that is breath'd
From lute or lyre, serenely mild
As is the shadowy harvest moon.

In praising thee, let joy be joy!—
Not sorrow-mingled, passion fed,
Be gratitude's diviner lay;
Love, freed from earthly love's annoy,
By bleeding cares unobscured;
That best of bliss, where grief's away.

Pp. 86—91.

The last extract for which we have room is perhaps the least faulty in the book, and is certainly pleasing; whether it can claim a higher praise we leave our readers to judge. It is the chaunt of aerial voices heard by those who watch around the bed of the dying Ex-Emperor:

FIRST VOICE. (Very low.)

'Full many a bright and sky-born flower,
Born of an amaranthine birth,
A mightier tongue hath bid to lower
And shed its proud leaves on the earth;
And it hath its bright head declined
And shed those leaves, a fragrant shower,
Leaving a living balm behind
Within the lone, ungemmed bower;
But earth was bid that seed retain,
That it might spring in joy again.

SECOND VOICE. (Rather louder.)

A thousand stars, whose every crest
Stood bright amid yon highest heaven,
Have vanish'd at the high behest,
Down from their azure triumph driven;
Sheer, through the ether keen, they flew,
And streak'd with brightness all the west;

But plung'd beneath the ocean blue,
Amid the silent halls—they rest;
And light, amid the coral caves,
Another world beneath the waves.'

Pp. 110, 111.

We have only to add, in conclusion, that we have seen nothing in Mr. Doubleday's performance of the pretence and fustian which are the staple of some recent and popular poetasters.

REMARKABLE CONSPIRACIES.

History of Remarkable Conspiracies connected with European History during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. By John Parker Lawson, M.A., author of 'The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud.' Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 2 vols. 18mo. 1829.

(Nos. XLIII. and XLIV. of 'Constable's Miscellany.')

A FORMER work, by Mr. Lawson, was a very wretched specimen of bigotry and folly. It was an attempt to exalt into a worthy, that weak, narrow-minded, and violent oppressor, Archbishop Laud; almost the only very celebrated personage in our great civil war, towards whom contempt is stronger than any other feeling. The present work is by no means so tedious or so offensive. Two or three of the translated narratives, such as those which tell the story of Fiesco, Bedmar, and Masaniello, are extremely interesting; but they were already familiar to almost every one. Those for which Mr. Lawson is himself responsible are very inferior to these in clearness of expression and neatness of arrangement; they are also more or less stained with the faults which we complained of as existing in the 'Life of Laud' and which we fear are inherent in the mind of Mr. Lawson. The faults, however, are by no means so prominent in the present as in the former work; and the different narratives appear to have been compiled with care and diligence.

We have made an extract of some length from the account of the conspiracy which ended in the death of James III.

'It was in the month of June, and the forests of Stirlingshire were clothed in their summer foliage, when this unnatural and fatal contest was decided. The ground is sacred in the annals of Scottish song. Different, indeed, were the motives which stimulated this array of Scotland's chivalry, from those which prompted their illustrious ancestors under the banners of Bruce. The insurgents, who soon understood the purposes of the king, prepared also for battle, and passed the Carron, a small but remarkable rivulet in Stirlingshire, which rises in the parish of Fintry, almost in the centre of the isthmus between the Forth and Clyde, and falls into the Forth, a few miles below Falkirk. The associations connected with this brook are interesting in no ordinary degree. It was the boundary of the Roman empire, when that empire was in its glory, the famous wall of Antoninus running parallel to it for some miles. On its banks was the Roman structure called Arthur's Oven; and there was fought a famous battle between the Romans and the Scots and Picts, in the fifth century. On its banks were performed the exploits of Ossian, the son of Fingal. Oscar, the son of Ossian, there signalized himself as a hero; and the vale is yet pointed out by tradition, where those ancient warriors contended with the heroes of the streams of Caros. There, with more certainty of truth, was fought the well known battle between Wallace and the English invaders, which succeeded the memorable interview between that patriot and Robert Bruce, disastrous to the Scottish arms. It is long, however, since the silvery stream of the Carron rolled along amid the din of arms; happy it is that the busy scenes of trade and the mechanical arts now distinguish its classic banks.

'The insurgents had encamped at the bridge over the Carron, near the Torwood, when the king led his army against them, and encamped at a small brook named Sauchie Burn, about two miles from the town of Stirling, and a mile south from the famous field of Bannockburn. If Lindsay of Pitcottie is to be credited, on the night be-

fore the battle, another attempt was made for a negotiation, which was also unsuccessful. The two armies met on a tract of land now termed Little Caglar, on the east side of Sauchie Burn. The army of the rebels was greatly superior to that of the king; it consisted chiefly of Borderers inured to war, well armed and well disciplined; and was consequently most unqually opposed by the Lowland royalists. The exact number of the two armies has not been ascertained; the royal army has been estimated by some as containing 30,000 men, that of the insurgents 18,000; but there is every reason to conclude that the number of the royal army is greatly exaggerated, as it is universally admitted, that the army of the insurgents was greatly superior to the royal force.

'The king, in complete armour, and mounted on the courser presented to him at Perth by Lord Lindsay of the Byres, appeared at the head of the army, which he divided into three several lines. The first, or vanguard, was commanded by the Earl of Menteith, Lords Erskine, Gray, Ruthven, Graham, and Maxwell, and consisted chiefly of Highlanders to the number of 10,000 armed with swords and bows; the second line, or right wing, was headed by the Earl of Glencairn, and consisted of Highlanders, and troops from the western counties; the third, the left wing, or rear, in which was the greatest strength of the army, was commanded by the Lords Boyd and Lindsay; and the main body, in which was the king himself, by the Earl of Crawford, all consisting of soldiers from Fife and Angus, Strathern, and the district of Stormont.

'When the king beheld the approach of the rebels, he called for the horse presented to him by Lindsay, and mounted him, to observe the disposition of the rebels. Their army, which consisted chiefly of cavalry, was also divided into three separate lines. The first was composed of men from East-Lothian and the Merse, or Berwickshire, led by Lords Hailes and Home; the second was under the command of Lord Gray, and consisted of men from Galloway and the Borders; the third was under the nominal command of the Duke of Rothsay, though he was completely under the control of the rebel lords who belonged to this division, and consisted of men from West-Lothian, and other midland Lowland counties. The rebels advanced with great boldness; presuming too well on the king's timidity and want of military experience. As for James himself, when he perceived the insurgents advancing with the royal banner displayed, and his own son at their head, he felt no inconsiderable alarm. The prophecy which had formerly preyed upon his mind, "that he should be put down and destroyed by one of his own kindred," now recurred, and, it is more than probable, influenced his subsequent conduct.

'The leaders of the royal army, fearing that the king's timidity would prove fatal, and also desirous of his safety, wished to remove him from the lines, but by that time the action had commenced. A dense shower of arrows from the West-Lothian men, and a keen attack from the Homes and Hepburns, denoted the opening of the contest; but they were successfully opposed by the first line of the royal army, and were beaten back with considerable loss. They were, however, instantly supported by the men of Annandale and the Borderers, who, with loud shouts, drove the king's first and second lines back to the third. This advantage was decisive, though it is not accurately known how long the battle continued, or how many fell. Victory declared for the rebels, and the king's army experienced a total rout. Glencairn, Ruthven, Erskine, Ramsay of Balmain, and other leaders of the royal army, were slain, and many were wounded. Such was the result of the lamentable disaster at Sauchie Burn, which was fought on the 11th day of June, 1438, the day of the Festival of St. Barnabas.

'The king, whose courage had never been remarkable, now puts spurs to his steed and fled. It was his endeavour to gallop across the carse or vale of Stirling to Alloa, where Wood's fleet lay at anchor, the distance being only five miles from the field of battle. As he was on the point of crossing the rivulet of Bannockburn, near the village of Milltown, a mile eastward of the field, a woman happened to be drawing water with a picher from the stream. Alarmed at seeing a man in armour galloping furiously towards her, she threw down her picher, and fled for safety. The noise startled the horse, and, leaping over

the rivulet at one spring, threw his inexperienced rider from the saddle. The king, from his fall, was so stunned and bruised by the weight of his armour, that he fainted away, and seemed to all appearance dead. The accident happened within a few yards of a mill, and the miller and his wife came running in haste to the aid of the unfortunate horseman. Ignorant of his rank, they carried him into their house, and laid him in a corner, covering him with a cloth to conceal him from any pursuer. Having administered to him what remedies their house afforded, James recovered, and feeling himself weak and greatly bruised, he called for a priest to hear his confession. The rustics inquired the name and quality of their guest, when James incautiously said, "I was your king this morning." The miller's wife, overcome with astonishment, wrung her hands, and ran hastily to the door in alarm to search for a priest, as the king desired, to grant him absolution.

The fate of the unfortunate monarch was decided by this incautious disclosure of his name and rank. A general rout had followed the battle, and the royal army fled in directions, pursued by the victorious confederates. It had been the express desire of the Duke of Rothsay, when he perceived the rout of the royal army, that none should presume to pursue his father, or attempt to intercept his flight; but this, of course, was little regarded by the victorious conspirators. It happened, that at the very moment the miller's wife came out of the house, exclaiming for a priest, some of the rebels who were following the rout which the king took in his flight, passed the house. According to Buchanan, though the statement wants proof, there were three who pursued the king very closely, Patrick Gray, the chief of that family, Kerr, and a priest named Borthwick. The pursuers, whoever they were, thus having discovered the object of their search, failed not to improve the opportunity. One of them exclaimed to the woman, "Here, I am a priest, lead me to the king." He was accordingly admitted, and falling on his knees before James, asked him, if he thought he would yet live. "I might," replied the king, "if I had the attendance of a physician; but give me absolution and the sacrament." "That I shall do readily," said the villain; and pulling out a dagger, stabbed the unfortunate monarch repeatedly in the heart, and then departed; nor was the perpetrator of this atrocious act ever afterwards discovered.

Beaton's Mill, said to be so called from a person of that name who then possessed it, the place where this villainy was committed, is still to be seen, but is now converted into a dwelling-house. The lower parts of the walls are those which were erected at the time, the upper parts are of more recent date. Mr. Chambers, in his admirable work, the "Picture of Scotland," informs us, that "he had the curiosity to visit it, and to inquire into the traditional account of the circumstance above related, as preserved by the people of the place, which he was surprised to hear tallied in every particular with the historical narrative. He was even shown the particular corner in which the king was slain. The house has been somewhat modernized, and converted from a mill into a dwelling-house. The lower part of the walls, however, are, to about a man's height, unaltered, and impressed with the appearance of great antiquity. A corner stone of the modern part of the fabric bears date 1667. The house is divided into two ends, with separate doors, accommodating two families, and is thatched. It stands about fifty yards east of the road from Glasgow to Stirling, in the close neighbourhood of the new mill which had been substituted, when it was converted into a dwelling-house."—Pp. 125—131.

We now subjoin the description of Gowrie House, at Perth; a building, on the minutiae of which depends, in a great degree, the result of a celebrated historical controversy. We are inclined to side with Mr. Lawson, and other much more eminent authors, in the explanation here given of the design of Gowrie.

It is of importance, however, in order to make the narrative complete, to give a minute description of Gowrie House, as it then stood; for it has now disappeared from the "fair town of St. Johnston," and has supplied materials for the jail and county buildings. The house, or palace, was originally built by the Countess of Huntly

in 1520, and was situated at the south end of the street called the Watergate, which was next to, and is parallel with, the river Tay, and at the east of South-street, or Shoe-gate, as it was then called, and is so termed in the depositions. The house stood within the ancient walls of Perth, and at the south-east angle of the town, a very short distance from the river Tay, which formed the eastern boundary of the large garden pertaining to the house. In the south-east corner of the garden stood the Monks' Tower, washed by the river, which was connected with the town-wall, the origin of the name of which tower is thus conjectured by the late Rev. Mr. Scott, with more simplicity than ingenuity. "The monks," says he, "who had been disorderly, were sometimes confined here, in order to do penance;"—a conjecture not very probable, as it respects the name.* To the west of the Monks' Tower, beyond the street now called Canal-street, stood the ancient and strong-built Spey or Spy Tower—a fort which guarded the south gate of the town. The town-wall extended due west and east from the Spey Tower to the Monks' Tower; and it is supposed that at the time of this memorable event, the greatest part of the ground between South-street and the town-wall was appropriated for gardens.

The house or palace formed nearly a square, the most modern part being on the north and west. That part in which the conspiracy was attempted, was on the south and east. The principal stair-case was in the south-east angle of the court, and there was another smaller one, called in the depositions of the witnesses the *Black Turnpike*.† The principal building contained two stories for flats, besides the kitchen and other offices on the ground floor, and the attics. The apartments of the family, and the bed-rooms, were chiefly in the eastern division, and were surmounted on the north by two turrets.

The windows of the dining-room looked into the garden, and commanded a splendid view of the river Tay, and the glorious scenery which adorns its banks. The principal hall was noble and spacious, and communicated with the ordinary hall, and with the great staircase which led to the court-yard. On the east side of the hall, on the right, was a door which communicated with the dining-room, and led to the garden. The greater part of the second floor, above these apartments, consisted of a gallery, which extended over all that part of the first floor occupied by the hall and dining-room. This "fair gallery," as it is called, is frequently noticed in the depositions of the witnesses. It had been ornamented with paintings and figures by the first Earl of Gowrie, whose taste in the fine arts, it is said, would have done honour to a more enlightened people than were the Scots at that time, and to a more refined age. At the west end of the gallery was the gallery chamber, often mentioned in the depositions, which was separated from the gallery by a partition, and entered by a door in that partition. At the west end of this chamber, in a corner on the right, was the staircase leading down from it to the court, called the *Black Turnpike*. There was also a turret in the south-west corner of the chamber, in which, if it was built like the other turrets, there must have been two windows opposite each other, the one looking into the court-yard, the other looking towards the space near South-street, or as it was then called, the *Shoegate*.‡—Pp. 290—293.

* "Statistical Account of Scotland," vol. xviii. p. 529. It is there added, that in the 17th century, "the Earl of Kinnoul, who was Chancellor of Scotland, and possessed Gowrie House and garden, built the uppermost room of this tower to be a summer-house." The above conjecture, however, of the author of the Statistical Account, is merely hypothetical. The Monks' Tower was built in 1336, by the command of Edward I., at the expense of the monasteries of Lindorfs, Balmerinoch, Aberbrothick, and Cupar Angus; and Fordun says, that the expense almost ruined those monasteries. Hence, some have supposed, says Grose, ("Antiquities," vol. ii. p. 245), that it received its appellation from that circumstance. Fordun also adds, that John de Gowrie, prior of St. Andrew's, paid 260 marks towards its erection. The Monks' Tower seems to have been used as a banqueting-house, and was, after Gowrie House was converted into a barracks, used as a magazine for gunpowder, connected with the artillery.

† The word *turnpike* is very common in Scotland, to denote a small winding staircase. The *turnpike* in question, with a turret at the west end of this wing of the building, was removed about the beginning of the last century.

‡ The chief part of the foregoing minute description

WALDEGRAVE.

Waldegrave: a Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1829.

A HAPPY nook in old England is the loyal county of Devon! Not to mention the wild cliffs that frown over Bristol's Channel, nor the gentle Hamoaze, in whose waters, as they glide calmly under the sheltering Edgcombe, Britain's bulwarks repose in safety while the fierce tempest agitates the vasty deep; nor the secret cove where the Dart creeps through its narrow channel of rock and wood to join her waters to the ocean; nor the broad basin of Tor, so beautifully inclosed by verdant hills, and bedecked with many a villa, and on whose shore the Belgian standard was first erected in the cause of British liberty; nor the sweet retreat of Babbicombe, with its straw-roofed cottages,—nor Ivy Bridge, nor Teignmouth, nor Sidmouth,—who that knows the lovely vale of Exe, or that has enjoyed the splendid view from Haldone, will deny that they deserve the admiration of all tourists, and are worthy the enthusiasm with which they fire the breast of every native! But the favoured district has other claims to be considered blessed besides the beauty of its scenery. 'It has the advantage, we are assured by those who must know best, of being inhabited by an almost primitive people, a race uncorrupted by modern improvements,—hospitable, unsophisticated, courteous, respectful, (no poaching? no game preserving? no partial justiceship?); intelligence beams in the eye of the peasant, and from his tongue fall accents melodious though shrill (v. i. p. 2). Of the climate 'it is unjust to say that it is unusually rainy,' 'although in the south a large portion of rain falls in winter,' (p. 3.) while it is so favourable to early vegetation, that at the boards of misers, broad beans form the garnish to bacon in the beginning of April (p. 131). With the other advantages possessed by Devonshire must be enumerated moreover the susceptibility of her natives to local attachment, and the power possessed by more than one of them, of celebrating in a novel once every season, at the least, the superiority of their favourite county.

Waldegrave, we conclude, proceeds from one of these faithful sons (or daughters) of a province so favoured of heaven and the muses. The author's taste, however, is not altogether blinded by his partiality nor entirely exclusive. The lake of Como partakes his heart with the vale of Exe, and the scene of his novel alternates between England and Italy. The first volume resembles in character the sky of the country which forms the theatre of the events with the narration of which it is principally occupied—that is to say, it is sufficiently dull. But the Italian sun has its usual effect; it warms the heart of the personages and the ink of the author, and we are favoured with spirit-stirring situations, and vivid descriptions of lake scenery and sunsets. The story, although abounding in common-place, and in some respects extravagant, is on the whole

of Gowrie House is taken from the first and only volume hitherto published of the Perth Antiquarian Society's Transactions, in which the description is accompanied by plans of Gowrie House, and of the various floors of that part of it in which the affray took place. It may be here mentioned, that after Gowrie's confiscation his estate became the property of the town of Perth. Before the year 1745, the house frequently changed masters, but at that time it was again in the hands of the town, and the worthy Whig Town-Council of Perth, in the excess of their loyalty, thought proper to present it to a personage whose memory Scotland has no great occasion to venerate, William Duke of Cumberland, to express their gratitude for the wonderful victory he had achieved over a handful of ill-armed Highlanders at Culloden. That fortunate hero, who saw no occasion for having a house in a country, and especially so near the Highlands, where he was any thing but popular, and in which he never intended to reside, sold it to Government, who employed this famous palace of the Earls of Gowrie as a barracks. At the beginning of the present century, the town of Perth again acquired the property; and the spirit of innovation, or, as it is sometimes called, improvement, having seized the magistrates, it was a few years ago levelled with the ground. The jail and county buildings are erected on the site of Gowrie House.

devised with skill and creates considerable interest. The execution is not equal to the plot. We shall extract an amusing scene at Naples, for the due understanding of which, however, it will be necessary first of all to inform our readers, that the hero of Waldegrave has become desperately enamoured at first sight with his cousin Edith, a charming girl whose company he had enjoyed on the shores of Como. At a loss to convince himself whether the favour he has met with is the natural consequence of his consanguinity or proceeds from a tenderer feeling on the part of his fair relation, he receives from a third person, whose information he considers as most worthy to be relied on, but who designs to deceive him for a purpose of his own, the assurance that Edith is irrevocably destined for another (Lord Forester.) He tears himself from her, therefore, committing the staple error of all romance in avoiding explanation with the only being from whom he ought to have sought his intelligence. In the state of mind consequent on a passion so circumstanced, with the additional burden of remorse for having, as he falsely imagines, allowed himself to become the rival of a bosom friend, of whose prior flame he was the confidant, he finds himself among a set of new acquaintances at Naples. He is recognised at Pastum, while 'measuring the dimensions of each well-proportioned compartment,' by an old friend, Sir Arthur Howard, who presents him on the spot to Lady Hermione Glenville, with whom we beg permission to leave him.

'Lady Hermione Glenville had been a widow for the last three years, her age was forty, her figure was very tall, though rather too large. A clear complexion and sparkling eyes, with a jointure of two thousand a year, made her, of course, a prodigy of beauty and wit. She had hired, for a term of years, a spacious mansion, with a fine garden, below the Strada Nuova, where every night she assembled round her a chosen party of literati. Amongst the many candidates for her hand, the Prince Arnoldi was looked on as the fortunate man whose brows would finally wear the envied wreath.'—Pp. 118—119, v.2

"That is a most charming person to whom I have just introduced you," said Sir Arthur. "Happily for us poor creatures, she deigns to enlighten us with her presence again, but so deep was her despair for the loss of Mr. Glenville, that she disappeared from the sight of human beings for two years, and now indeed refuses to mix with the world in general. She has a little social assemblage of friends at her house every evening, of whom I have the honour to be one."—P. 120.

The lady is a sentimentalist and a *philosophe*. She is a connoisseur in scenery, and hesitates between the bay of Salerno and that of Naples:

"Observe," continued she, gently slipping her arm in Waldegrave's, "the form of that bold point; with all the magic beauty of Naples's enchanting bay, I am sometimes tempted to think that there is more to delight the imagination here; the solitude and repose too would be soothing: would it not, Mr. Waldegrave?"

"I confess," said Waldegrave, "that I do not particularly like Naples; there is a certain confinement in the place which wearies me. Then the principal beauties are so distant one scarcely appreciates them, while the incessant noise and bustle which at first struck me as so gay and inspiring, soon became an annoyance. Besides, too, its inhabitants are the only Italians I have ever seen whom I do not like."

"Hush, hush!" said Lady Hermione, in a low voice; "you must not let Prince Arnoldi hear you say so, though, to speak candidly, I agree with you entirely. Indeed (raising her voice) I sometimes think of selling my villa at Naples, and seeking peace and content here; what say you to that, Sir Arthur?" said she, turning gaily to him.

"May all the protecting powers of man forbid it!" exclaimed he.

"Well! we shall see," said the lady; "but if I could find a convent in some lone and romantic situation here, I should be tempted to make it my abode, and turn nun; do you know of such a place, Arnoldi?"

"If I did," said Arnoldi, "it should blacken the

land with ashes ere you should dream of its existence; but, thank the stars, you are *una protestante*."

"A most indubitable *protestante*," said Sir Arthur. "I protest against all errors, humbugs, and unnecessary restraints," said Lady Hermione; "what say you, Mr. Waldegrave?"

"I am for the liberal side of every question," said Waldegrave, "whether it be religion or any thing else."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Arnoldi; "you are worthy to become one of the initiated. How think you, Lady Hermione?"

"That Mr. Waldegrave enchants me by the sentiment," said she, "and that one or two more such will qualify him to be balloted."

"I will register his name to-night," said Sir Arthur, "if your ladyship will allow me."

"You should consult Mr. Waldegrave's feelings, not mine," said Lady Hermione; though I believe you are giving yourself very useless trouble. I doubt not but that he has a thousand more agreeable engagements; and you know, Sir Arthur, that I will receive no member by compulsion. Arnoldi, give me my memorandum-book—I must mark this evening down as one to be remembered."—Pp. 122—124

"I am particularly anxious," said Sir Arthur, "that you should be better acquainted with Lady Hermione. She is a person for whom I have an infinite predilection, and the being of all others most likely to charm you. She is very unlike the rest of her sex, though ungifted with very transcendent talents. She is blessed with a decision and liberality of opinion very remarkable in a woman. I do not mean to say that there is absolutely no touch of vanity in her character, but that is merely saying that she is a mortal and a female; besides, it gives her an ease of manners that renders her, to my taste, infinitely more agreeable."

"There is," said Waldegrave, whose natural candour made him ever speak the truth, "a certain affectation about Lady Hermione—a restlessness to make you believe that she has a greater depth of feeling than other people—which I own wearies me. She seems intent on dragging from the dictionary the most perplexing words for things the most simple, as if her sensibility were proportionate to the extravagance of her expressions."

"Yes," replied Sir Arthur, "tis a little amiable weakness in her composition, but you cannot think how well it succeeds with most people. One thing, however, I promise you—only let her find out this disposition of yours, and instead of being the most sentimental creature in the world, she will be gay—brilliant—the first for every adventure, and the life of every society."

"Upon my word," said Waldegrave, "I can scarcely conceive a person so little to my taste, or whom I am so unlikely to please."—Pp. 126—127.

The lady, however, is a modern Circe, nor is Waldegrave altogether proof against her fascinations. He is led on to be continually of her parties; he refuses, we believe, to be initiated into the mysteries of her 'Patriotic Club;' but he loses money at her whist-tables, and affords opportunity for the following scene:

"It was on a beautiful calm day about the middle of August, the sea was hushed, and scarcely a breeze whispered among the glowing leaves, when Waldegrave sought Lady Hermione's library, to replace on its shelf a book which he had taken thence. Lady Hermione was sitting before a table, with her face buried in her handkerchief. Surprised at a sight so unusual, and fearful of disturbing her, Waldegrave endeavoured to retreat, in which however he only succeeded in rousing her, and she suddenly raised her eyes.

She appeared to have been weeping, but dashing away the tears, and rising, she begged he would come in. Seeing that Waldegrave hesitated to obey her, she advanced towards him smiling, and, apparently to escape his observation, asked if he wanted her assistance in looking for another volume.

"I fear," said Waldegrave, "that I have disturbed you. I should not have intruded now—you are ill."

"I am not ill," said she, in a dejected tone, "and you never were so welcome. When the heart sinks, dear Mr. Waldegrave, a real friend is an angel from Heaven."

"You have no cause for uneasiness, I trust," said

Waldegrave, in a voice that spoke his sympathy with her distress.

"Nothing new," said she; "I am a lone being in a world where there are few objects I could have loved, and . . . why should I say this to you?"

"And I, in my turn," said Waldegrave, "must ask what reason you have to mistrust my friendship? Give me but the opportunity of proving it in any way you please."

"Your kindness, Mr. Waldegrave," said Lady Hermione, "I could not doubt, but that cannot be called friendship which exists independent of mutual confidence. Oh! Mr. Waldegrave, how can an anxious friend, like myself, behold your melancholy, hear your deep sighs, and not feel her own heart pierced. Night after night I have lain on a restless pillow, sleep driven from my eyelids by the certainty that you nourished some consuming care in which your best friend must not participate." Here Lady Hermione covered her face, and seemed overpowered.

Waldegrave could not but be touched by the marks of a friendship so strong and disinterested, and for the first time doubted whether he might not have appeared cold and ungracious to her, who, during their brief acquaintance, had told him all the events of her life.

That she had discovered the existence of some secret sorrow was certain, though how he could not conceive. Embarrassed for words, and reluctant to speak of Edith, Waldegrave remained silent for some minutes, till observing that Lady Hermione still wept, he at length said:

"I must ever feel grateful, Lady Hermione, for the warmth of your kindness; but I assure you that I have not been guilty of undue reserve with you. The subject of my sorrow," continued he, lowering his voice, "is cureless as it is deep; the confidence you propose can only aggravate my distress, and give you no comfort."

"That is not so certain," said Lady Hermione, in a voice which showed that her feelings were wounded at his persevering silence; "you who are so very cautious cannot judge of what might give me comfort were you to make me really your friend, or whether I have not where-with to lessen rather than to augment your grief."

Waldegrave, who would now have given the world to be relieved from Lady Hermione's inquiries, answered, "I grieve, Lady Hermione, that I should appear reserved to you of all people, but you judge of me by your own generous nature; because your bosom lodges not a thought which would not benefit mankind, you have the power of laying it open to view. I am not so fortunate."

After a pause, Lady Hermione laid her hand on his, and said, in an agitated voice, "What if I know the cause of your affliction, and could tell you something that might lighten it?"—Pp. 165—168.

Lady Hermione, in short, does know the cause of his affliction, and takes a diabolical means of working her own ends and those of others more desperately designing and wicked than herself, by putting into the hands of Waldegrave a letter from his Edith to a stranger, which justifies the most unfavourable surmises, and which creates a dilemma in the mind of our hero which is not cleared up until the general denouement.

The fatal letter in the hands of the victim, then comes the critical moment for Lady Hermione:

"For a brief space Waldegrave remained motionless; then, thrusting the note into his pocket, he suddenly rose, and hurried along the path.

He was followed by Lady Hermione, who implored him to return.

"What can I do for you?" said Waldegrave, who had forgotten that she was with him, and whose tortured mind now grew almost bewildered.

"Return," she cried; "and say you forgive me for thus piercing your heart!"

"You have meant well," said Waldegrave; "but you have destroyed me if this cannot be explained. I could bear to lose her; but to think this of her would make life a curse too heavy to be borne."

His manner was wild, and his cheek so ashen, that Lady Hermione became seriously alarmed. "Mr. Waldegrave," she said; "on my knees I conjure you to calm yourself; in any case you must have seen her become

Lord Forrester's shortly. Is it not better to know her unworthy your love, than to breathe the eternal regrets for her loss?"

"Waldegrave fixed his eyes sternly on Lady Hermione, and exclaimed: "Better to know her unworthy my love! what fiend could suggest such words?"

"Lady Hermione shrieked, wildly clasped her hands, and rushed down the cliff.

"What have I done?" said Waldegrave; and, following, conjured her to be pacified. But Lady Hermione seemed in dreadful agitation.

"How can you be incensed at wild words that dropped in my agony?" said he. "Pardon me; I had no intention of wounding you; I hardly knew you; my brain was on fire!"

"Oh, Heavens! Mr. Waldegrave," said she; "how have I deserved such language? Did not you wring these bitter tidings from me? Could I have foreseen the result, would I have tortured you so? I, who would now lay down my life to restore you to that state of ignorance you enjoyed this morning?"

"State of ignorance!" exclaimed Waldegrave, who appeared incapable of governing his feelings; "you shall not call it so. Say some devil's trick to play on us both; but the last drop of blood that flows through my veins shall wash away the impious blot which some demons have dared to stamp on Edith's name. Lady Hermione, forgive me! I will go hence for a short time, and when I return I will promise to be calm."

"Waldegrave then re-ascended the cliff, and walked along the thickly overgrown path. He looked at the letter again; each glance only confirmed his horrible suspicion.

"The single word 'fidelity' was enough to blast every earthly hope: for what could be the part she was to act with Lord Forrester? Henry's mind vainly harassed itself in agonizing perplexity, till the declining sun reminded him how long he had left Lady Hermione alone.

"As he beheld her from a distance in the lorn attitude of patient grief, the consciousness of his harsh treatment weighed heavily on his distracted heart.

"With all the self-possession which he could command, Waldegrave approached Lady Hermione. She appeared to be weeping convulsively, and her face was concealed within her handkerchief.

"Lady Hermione," said he, "can you forgive my brutality? Look up, my dear Lady Hermione. Oh, heavens! how I have wounded you!—what a wretch I am!"

"Is that you, my dear Mr. Waldegrave?" said she, inviting him to sit beside her; "I trust you are better now."

"I am come," said Henry, "to entreat your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness!" said Lady Hermione, "rather bestow yours on me. I have made you very unhappy, I fear; but if (as 'tis said,) sympathy gives comfort, you have it—if you are miserable, I am doubly so."

"You doubly so!" said Waldegrave, anxiously; "how can that be?"

"You have lost," replied Lady Hermione, "what you loved beyond all else; but you are still bound to earth by the strong ties of nature. The friendships of life's morning gild your existence still. I have nothing in the wide cold world, and this day has shown me the dreariness of my solitude."

"What can you have more," said Waldegrave, who pitied her from his soul, "than the esteem of all your friends, and the affection of him to whom you are yourself devoted?"

"Lady Hermione looked fixedly at him. "Are you jesting with my misery, or do you desire to revenge yourself for my late thoughtlessness?" said she, in the bitter tone of mortification.

"I swear, Lady Hermione," said Waldegrave, "I do not understand you. Is not Prince Arnoldi....."

"Prince Arnoldi!" exclaimed Lady Hermione, with vehemence; "do not thus insult me. He is not, and never can be, ought to me: he knows it well, and so might you, who care not thus to trample on a heart which you have made your own."

"Waldegrave was thunderstruck; and Lady Hermione, as if suddenly roused to a dreadful sense of her imprudence, exclaimed in a transport of agitation,

"What have I said! Oh! merciful heavens! now am I lost for ever!" and she cast herself down on the sands.

"Lady Hermione, I implore you," said Waldegrave, "to moderate your grief. Why should you say you are lost? Do you then so totally mistrust me?—and how can you say that I trample on your heart? You know what mine is—withered, blighted—do not add to its wretchedness. My dear Lady Hermione, look up: let us hope for better days; speak, for Heaven's sake!"

"But Lady Hermione continued with her face on the sands. "She has fainted—what is to be done!" He called her again, but she answered not. Waldegrave then endeavoured to raise her head, that she might breathe the fresh air; and having sprinkled water over her face, sat himself beside her.

"But while thus engaged he was attracted by the sound of a boat coming in to land. He again called her. "Lady Hermione," said he, "some persons are approaching—rouse yourself, for Heaven's sake, if you can."

"Lady Hermione moved, and asked faintly, "Where am I?" Then starting, she looked wildly round; rose and recovered herself in a moment.

"A deep blush covered Waldegrave's face as the boat drew to land, within six yards of them, and Sir Arthur, with Arnoldi, stepped on shore. The prince looked dark as night. Lady Hermione, like the sagacious mariner, who reads the coming gale in the streaky heaven, hastily joined Arnoldi, and led her reluctant companion to the boat, whence she made Waldegrave a sign that she should return with the prince."—Pp. 177—184.

The result of this scene is a duel with Arnoldi, in which Waldegrave is victorious, but having run his antagonist (who afterwards recovers) through the body, he is obliged to flee for his life. He embarks for England, after the following consoling colloquy with his friend and second, Sir Arthur:

"But let me depend on hearing news of Arnoldi, and how poor Lady Hermione gets through it; I tremble for her."

"Oh! never tremble for her," said Sir Arthur, "she will get through it prodigiously well. If the poor Prince dies, she will soon find another lover."

"You know her not," said Waldegrave, shaking his head.

"What do you mean, Sir Arthur?" exclaimed Waldegrave, "this is no time for jesting."

"I wager my life," said Sir Arthur, "she has made you believe that she is in love with you. It was thus she treated me when first wearied of widowhood, but I would not bite: since which we have been the best friends in the world, and I have had the amusement of seeing her lead five others the same dance, and, perhaps, you make the sixth."—Pp. 204, 205.

DE BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS.

Mémoires de M. de Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire et la Restauration. Tomes I. II. III. et IV. 8vo. Paris. Chez Ladvocat, et Londres chez Barillière. 1829.

THE first volume of the 'Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne,' as we have stated, traces the progress of Napoleon from his infancy to the period when conqueror of Italy his genius has already declared itself, and shone out in the light in which it appeared ever afterwards. The second introduces him after the conclusion of the treaty of Campo Formio, receiving the homage of the inhabitants of the countries through which he passed on his return to Paris. His presence excited every where the liveliest enthusiasm, and wherever he appeared he was received with shouts of 'Vive Bonaparte, vive le Pacificateur.' Has there ever existed the man, who, at twenty-eight years of age, would have been proof against such a triumph? Yet still greater honours awaited him in the capital, where his arrival had been preceded by that of the General Joubert, charged to present to the Directory a standard and flag, on one side of which was inscribed, 'A L'ARMÉE D'ITALIE LA

PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE.' 'On the other,' says M. de Bourrienne, 'was the following simple and grand compendium of the history of the campaign Italy:

'150,000 prisoners;—170 stand of colours;—550 pieces of cannon;—600 field-pieces;—5 pontoon equipments;—9 ships of 64 guns;—12 frigates of 32 guns;—12 corvettes;—18 galleys;—armistice with the King of Sardinia;—Convention with Genoa;—armistice with the Duke of Parma;—armistice with the King of Naples;—armistice with the Pope;—preliminaries of Leoben;—Convention of Montebello with the Republic of Genoa;—Treaty of Peace with the Emperor at Campo Formio. —Liberty conferred on the people of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Massa Carrara, Romagna, Lombardy, Brescia, Bergamo, Mantua, Cremona, of a part of the Veronese, of Chiavenna, of the Valteline, on the people of Genoa, on the Imperial Fiefs, on the people of Corfu, of the Egean Sea, and Ithaca.

'Sent to Paris all the chefs d'œuvres of Michael Angelo, Guercino, Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Albano, the Caracci, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci.'

The ceremony of Napoleon's reception in one of the halls of the Luxembourg was notwithstanding frigid; 'owing,' says M. Bourrienne, 'to the fall of a man, employed about the premises, from the roof of the building into the court, an accident which had caused a general stupor.' Nevertheless several speeches were addressed to him, and among others one by Talleyrand, which is remarkable for attempting to depreciate the glory of the youthful general and to exalt that of the nation, and for insinuating that views of ambition were already germinating in the heart of the conqueror. The following answer which Napoleon made to a question put to him by M. de Bourrienne, shows that Talleyrand had not mistaken either the man or the nation. It was before the departure for Egypt that M. de Bourrienne, without any particular intention on his part, as he tells us, and merely to say something and break a long silence, asked Napoleon if he were positively determined to quit France. The reply was:

"I have tried every thing. They won't have me. (He alluded probably to the place of Director.) It would be necessary to upset them, and make myself king; but that must not be thought of yet; the nobles would never consent to it. I have already taken my soundings; the time is not yet come; I should be by myself: I will still dazzle these people." My only answer was, "Well, let us go to Egypt;" and I changed the conversation."—P. 54.

On one former occasion he had already expressed similar views. M. de Bourrienne says:

'He renewed, but without success, the attempt which he had made before the 16 Fructidor to obtain a dispensation as to age to enable him to be a director: perceiving that things went against him, he said to me, on the 29th of January, 1798: "Bourrienne, I will not remain here; there is nothing to be done here. People will not listen to anything; I see that if I remain, I must very shortly go down. Every thing wears out here. My glory is already becoming dim. This little spot, Europe, does not afford enough. I must go to the East; that is the only theatre for names greatly glorious. However, I would first make a tour to the coast, in order to judge from my own observation what may be undertaken. I will take you with me, you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky. If the descent on England shall appear doubtful, as I fear it will, the army of England shall become the army of the East, and I am off to Egypt."

'This conversation, with others of a similar tenor, give a true idea of his character. He always considered war and conquests as the most noble and the least exhaustible sources of his glory.

'He loved this glory with passion: the idea of seeing it tarnished amidst the idleness of a Paris life while new bays were growing in foreign climates was intolerable. His imagination had already inscribed his name on those gigantic monuments, the only ones perhaps of all the works of the hands of man which bear the stamp of eternity. Proclaimed already the most illustrious captain of his time, he sought in ancient times for rival names which his own might eclipse. If Cæsar fought fifty battles, he desired to fight a hundred; if Alexander left Macedonia to go

to the temple of Ammon, he would start from Paris for the Cataracts of the Nile. While by such means he should be keeping renown alive, events, he thought, would succeed in France which would render his return necessary and opportune; his place would be ready for him, and he would not come an unknown or a forgotten man to take it.

The aspect of Napoleon at this time showed to the discerning a man aspiring after a loftier position than he had yet attained. M. de Bourrienne gives us the following anecdote, which shows the impression he made on strangers before he quitted Italy for Paris:

“A man who had never seen Napoleon beheld him then (while at Mantua) for the first time, and wrote to Paris a letter, in which he thus describes him:—“I have observed with a lively interest, and with great attention, the extraordinary man who has performed such great exploits, and whose appearance announces that his career is not yet run. I have found him very like his portrait, short, thin, pale, with a countenance fagged but not unhealthy. He seemed to listen with more distraction than interest, and to have his mind more occupied with what he was thinking of than with what was being said to him. His physiognomy is very intelligent; it betrays habits of meditation without revealing any thing that is passing within. It is impossible to behold this head so full of reflection, to contemplate this strong mind, without figuring to oneself that they are occupied with some bold thoughts which influence the fate of Europe.”

From the last phrase more especially of this letter one might think that it was written subsequently: it was inserted in a public journal in the month of December, 1797, a short time before the arrival of Bonaparte at Paris.

The calm indifference which Napoleon preserved amidst his triumphs was as much the result of speculation as of temperament. To be convinced of this we have but to read the following passage:

“The shouts of ‘Vive Bonaparte,’ and the incense which was prodigally offered him, did not change his actual position. But a short time before conqueror and ruler in Italy, and now the subject of a set of men whom he held as nought, and who looked on him as a formidable rival, he said to me, ‘There is no exploit of which the remembrance lasts any time at Paris. If I remain long inactive I am lost. In this great Babylon one reputation ousts another; when I shall have been seen three times at the theatre, I shall be no more thought of, and therefore shall I go but seldom.’ When he went it was in a private and close box. The managers of the opera offered him a grand special representation, but he declined. I remarked to him that it must nevertheless be gratifying to him to see his fellow-citizens crowd to see him! ‘Bah! the people would crowd as much to see me if I were on my way to the scaffold.’”—P. 32.

It would appear that it was at Passarino that the project of invading Egypt first occurred to Napoleon. Passages already cited have disclosed his motives for this expedition. M. Bourrienne moreover gives us to understand that his imagination figured to him the celebrity of the countries which he was desirous of rendering a second theatre of exploits for himself, but where his glory was tarnished by disasters and circumstances over which he had no control. It would appear, according to M. Bourrienne, that the Directory had little or nothing to do with this project. They regarded it with satisfaction, it is true, thinking thus to get rid of a man of whose glory they were jealous, and whose ambition they feared. He says:

“The orders of Bonaparte ran like lightning along the line from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. With admirable precision he appointed the rendezvous of some at Malta, of others at Alexandria. All these orders were dictated to me in his cabinet. It was he, and not the Directory, as has been so often asserted, that hastened the expedition. Bonaparte, it is true, was warmly seconded by them, because, fearing his reputation, his character, and his glory, they would be glad to see him removed to a distance from them, and they refused him nothing; but we must not be hasty in ascribing this docility to the desire to see his glory increase or to love of their country.”

In the course of his ‘Memoirs,’ M. de Bourrienne frequently mentions Napoleon’s neglect or ignorance of orthography. This, if we consider the degree to which he carried it and the regular education he had received at public establishments, certainly forms an extraordinary trait in his character. The most remarkable instance of it quoted by M. de Bourrienne is to be found in his account of the preparations for the expedition. After enumerating the books which Napoleon gave orders to be selected to form his campaign library, our biographer takes occasion to add the following:

“I have frequently observed that the writings under the hand of Napoleon are full of the most inconceivable faults in orthography; did this proceed from the imperfect education he had received in that particular at Brienne; was it merely the effect of the prodigious rapidity of his scribbling and of the extreme activity of his ideas; or is it to be attributed to the little importance he attached to this branch of a complete education? In the pieces of his which I have already quoted, and in those which I shall hereafter have occasion to cite, the orthography is corrected. Any thing approaching a *fac simile*, with his abbreviations and suppressions, would have been insufferable; but I cannot help remarking it as extraordinary, that, acquainted as he was with the authors he required, and the commanders whose history he was desirous of having, he should have written *Duceeling* (Duguescling.) *Ocean*—To have guessed at *Ossian* under the latter appellation required one, it must be allowed, to have been thoroughly aware of his admiration of the Caledonian poet.

On the subject of the surrender of Malta, M. de Bourrienne alludes to and corrects what is reported to have been said by Napoleon at St. Helena, namely, that the ‘taking of Malta was not owing to secret understandings, but to the sagacity of the General-in-Chief. It was in Mantua that I took Malta.’ M. de Bourrienne says, that it is not the less true for all that, that he himself had to write plenty of instructions concerning secret understandings, and he recalls the words addressed to Napoleon by General Caffarelli after having explored the fortifications: ‘Faith, general, we are fortunate indeed in having somebody in the town to open the gates to us.’

The blood shed by Napoleon in obtaining that glory which was his great idol, and to which he sacrificed every thing, would afford little cause for suspecting that he knew what humane feelings were; yet M. de Bourrienne, in more than one part of his ‘Memoirs,’ quotes instances which exhibit Napoleon in a very different light in this respect to that in which he is generally represented. He observes:

“It is impossible but in a long voyage that some casualties should not happen, that some men should not fall overboard. Such accidents occurred several times with the crew of the Orient, and never did they happen without giving occasion to call forth the humanity of that man who was afterwards so prodigal of the blood of his fellow creatures. From the moment that a man fell overboard, the general could not rest until he was saved; he showed the greatest anxiety, and always gave orders for amply recompensing those who had displayed any self-devotion in contributing to save others.”

An earlier proof that he was by no means a stranger to humanity is afforded by the abhorrence he felt at the atrocities of the Revolution. An instance of this kind is furnished by the letter he addressed to military commissioners on occasion of the massacres of Toulon, and which was as follows:

“It is with the greatest pain, citizens, that I have learnt that old men between seventy and eighty years of age, wretched women, pregnant or surrounded by children of tender age, have been shot as accused of emigration. Are the soldiers of liberty then become executioners?”

“Is the compassion then, which ever actuated them on the field of battle, extinct in their hearts?”

“The law of the 19th Fructidor was a measure of necessity for the public service. The object of it was to punish conspirators, and not miserable women and men worn down with age. I exhort you, then, citizens, whenever

old men of sixty years of age, or women, shall be brought before your tribunal, to declare that, in combats, you always respected the aged men and the women of your enemies. The soldier who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a poltroon.

“Signed Bonaparte.

“This letter saved the life of one who was in the circumstances alluded to by the General. And the tone of it is a proof of the notion he had already formed of his power.”

We shall close the Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne for the present, with another instance of the good nature of Napoleon:

“A man named Simon, who had followed his masters in their emigration, and who was apprehensive of the application of the laws to his case, heard that I was in want of a servant. He came to me and disclosed the situation in which he was placed. He suited me and I took him. He told me afterwards that he feared his enemies might lay hold of his person as he went to the port to embark. General Bonaparte, to whom I spoke on the subject, said, with a tone of kindness, ‘Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him stay near you.’ The words, *Bonaparte, général en chef de l’armée de l’Orient*, were written in large letters of gold on handsome green morocco. Simon passed without molestation.”

The Mystic Wreath, &c. 12mo. London, 1829.

WHEN we perceived the above name on the back of a little volume now before us, we fancied that we were about to read a performance in the style of Mr. Moore or in that of Miss Landon, and to move in a glittering paradise of eyes and flowers, moonlight, magic, and serenades; we prepared ourselves for bowers and blisses, for young ladies who get drunk without getting a headache, and go into company without the encumbrances of bustles, petticoats, or bodices. A mystic wreath is commonly made up, in modern verse, of Cashmere shawls and blossoms from Fairyland, of sublimated ribbands and transcendental roses; but, alas! the title-page dispelled the visions which had been raised by the label on the cover. The volume contains nothing but conundrums, (what a mine of wealth to Keeley!) rebuses, charades, and so forth; and though we should not scruple at criticising the Epic or a Pindaric, riddles are such high matters that we must really leave them to the *Edipi*, the Sampsons, and the Sibyls of the day.

Adra, or the Peruvians; the Ruined City, &c. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 8vo. post. London. Colburn. pp. 197.

It is rare to see the name of this popular publisher on the title page of a volume of verse, and we own that we cannot discover to what quality in the work the present exception is owing; for Mr. James does not seem to us at all likely to refute the booksellers’ axiom, ‘that the age of poetry is passed;’ and for why? simply, we answer, because there is no poetry in his book, nor, if we may judge from it, in his mind either. He tells us, that since the days of Lord Byron, (no very remote period,) very little superior poetry has been written; from which we may perhaps infer that the author of ‘*Childe Harold*’ is the prime favourite of Mr. James among our modern writers. We should not have been able to guess this from the style of ‘*Adra*,’ for it is so utterly deficient in every thing that can characterise composition, it is so dreary a dead level, relieved only by occasional batches of bad English, (like a common adorned by scattered thistles,) that we can discern in it no marks of consistent or systematic imitation, much less any native and independent excellence.

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DIALOGUES CONCERNING THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

DIALOGUE I.

PHEDON.—I am rejoiced to see you, Arthegall, on other accounts, and because I greatly need consolation. Did you not meet a tall man at the door?

ARTHEGALL.—Six feet high, a countenance deep and broad, but yet apparently not spacious enough to accommodate a meaning; eyes small and feeble, cheek bones exalted, complexion swarthy, mouth immeasurable.

PHEDON.—The same; your description saves me from the necessity of naming his birth-place, which, however, is far less to blame for the headache which he has bequeathed me, as the remembrance of his visit, than the country of his adoption.

ARTHEGALL.—An Anglo-Scot is certainly a monster. He does not fulfil any law, and I confess that I can discover no reason for his existence.

PHEDON.—A London Scot is a far worse monster. I hope you do not hold them to be of the same genus?

ARTHEGALL.—Heaven preserve me from the *heresy* of maintaining that an Englishman and a Cockney have a single property in common, or that even their bastard varieties can ever be confounded. But what was your friend's topic of conversation?

PHEDON.—After touching upon every subject included in the Glasgow course of education, he fastened his fangs into Mr. Southey's 'Colloquies on the State and Prospects of Society.'

ARTHEGALL.—At which he rails, I trust, most heartily.

PHEDON.—Certainly; knowing you to be an admirer of the work, I wished you had been here. I think you might have been glad to purchase such a confirmation of your faith as his abuse, even at the extravagant price of his conversation.

ARTHEGALL.—My faith wants no confirmation. I am sure the book is full of honesty and wisdom, and I am sure no Cockney, of whatever breed, can understand it. With all the respect which I entertained for Mr. Southey previously, I never imagined he could have written such a work. He has touched sores in the commonwealth which no one before him had even thought of looking at, and in several cases he has probed them also.

PHEDON.—Not in all, you think?

ARTHEGALL.—No, though he has pointed far more directly than any previous writer to that which, I think, is the fountain of all our sorrows, he has not analysed its waters.

PHEDON.—To what do you refer?

ARTHEGALL.—To the moral and political state of the MIDDLE CLASS in England. Its physical condition has been investigated most diligently; but our wise statistes seem to think the other question perfectly unimportant.

PHEDON.—Do you think it very important?

ARTHEGALL.—Unless I am mistaken respecting the duties which Providence has appointed for our age, it is the most vital question which can occupy the thoughts of an Englishman.

PHEDON.—You imagine that the nineteenth century is destined, in an especial manner, to call out the strength of this class?

ARTHEGALL.—By no means. I think that was the vocation of the seventeenth century, the age of the great rebellion, and that in which were laid the first rudiments of our commercial policy.

PHEDON.—Why then should we concern ourselves with the middle class more than with either of the others?

ARTHEGALL.—Do you remember a conversation respecting the cases in language which we once had together and the conclusions to which it led us?

PHEDON.—Perfectly. We agreed, I remember, in thinking that those who teach children to talk of the nominative case, if they communicate any feeling

to them at all, which does not often happen, plant in their minds the germ of all Hume's atheism; we agreed also that the introduction of the ablative was a proof that the Romans had lost all spiritual perceptions respecting language; and, lastly, that in the truly philosophical language of the Greeks, the dative is the copula between the two other cases, that in which they are both included, and in which the subject is visibly embodied to our perceptions. But I own I cannot discover any connexion between this argument and the one on which we are now entering; you certainly compel grammar to perform hard services, for on that occasion you brought the meaning of the dative case to illustrate a difficult phrase in the Nicene Creed, and now you would make use of it to explain the condition of English society.

ARTHEGALL.—I do not see, my good friend, how analogies from language can be inappropriate to any subject upon which we talk, and I am sure it is not to this, for if we were correct in those observations upon the dative, there can be little difficulty in perceiving why, supposing our business was not with it, as a separate relation, but with the nominative,—the subject,—it should nevertheless enter most prominently into our speculations.

PHEDON.—I do not yet understand you.

ARTHEGALL.—I said that the task of bringing out the powers of the middling class does not, in my opinion, devolve upon the present age; but if we are called upon more than our forefathers were to develop the principle of a STATE,—the SUBJECT—of which all the classes are relations or cases, and of which the middle class should be the copulative or dative case, must not the consideration of it be more deeply interesting to us than it was to them?

PHEDON.—I have a glimpse of your meaning, but it will not be quite evident unless you explain what, according to your notions, was the purpose which each of the foregone ages was destined to fulfil, and that I imagine would be a somewhat tedious undertaking for a summer's morning.

ARTHEGALL.—And a task for which I should be quite inadequate; but there is one great boundary line in the modern world, beyond which we need not pass in this inquiry.

PHEDON.—The Reformation?

ARTHEGALL.—Certainly. What characteristics distinguished those ages, during which the knowledge derived from Revelation was presented to men objectively, as the knowledge derived from their own observation and consciousness had been in the ancient world, I am not competent even to guess. The question is too important to be trifled with, and, I believe, the person who answers it satisfactorily must be one who to great philosophical powers joins such a deep living acquaintance with the principles and history of art as has belonged to very few in our day or any other. But with respect to the ages which have elapsed since the world put on its *togas virilis*, when what had been lessons in the memory became principles in the reason, what had been habits of obedience became laws of the will, I think the difficulty is far less. I discover, for instance, in theology (and according to the course which the religious feelings, as the most central, follow, it is natural that the rest should fashion theirs) that the sixteenth century seems to have contemplated God principally in his relation of a spirit, the object of worship and the impartor of strength; it was the age of reverential piety and of spiritual power; the age of Edward VI.; of the Anglican martyrs of Sidney, Raleigh, and Shakspeare. The seventeenth century considered God almost solely in that intimate connexion with his creatures, which is denoted in the Scriptures by the name Emmanuel; it was the age of strong faith, courageous enterprise, disgusting familiarity, hatred of all institutions which interpose a barrier between the presumption of man and the glory of his Maker; the age (as Mr. Coleridge has so beautifully shown in his parallel between them) to which Milton and Taylor were the pillars of fire and of cloud. And it is still more evident that the eighteenth century was occupied solely

in the consideration of God as a Creator; it was the age of Clarke, of Butler, of Paley; the age in which two out of three of those great men (Butler was far above his contemporaries) fell into the mistake of exalting the creative relation of the subject into the subject itself, and thus added a dangerous force to Hume's arguments against a first cause.

PHEDON.—All your instances have been from our own country. Do you imagine the other nations followed a different course?

ARTHEGALL.—The answer to that question will bring us back to the point from which we have digressed. I think that what I have said of England is, to a certain extent, true of the other European people; but, as in our former conversation we determined that the principles of language, though undoubtedly at work in every dialect under heaven, and though in most their operations may be constantly traced, yet are more visibly and continuously manifest in the Greek than in any other; so with respect to the question we are now considering, I think that parallel lines to those which we have seen running through this country, may be discovered in most others, but that they are more faint, more confused, more irregular, more frequently curving into strange direction. And the reason why, not only in Catholic France, but even in Protestant Germany, the progress has not been so orderly as in England, seems to be this, that owing to the superior social organization which England enjoyed previously, the political movements of our countrymen have since the reformation been almost equally methodical and natural with their moral movements. No sooner had a foreign usurpation given place to a national religious establishment, a power which bestrode the whole community and exercised a separate tyranny over each member of it, one which should interfere neither with the free will of the individual, nor with the mutations of society, but hold up a type of the principle to be revolved within each, and to warn both against staying at any step of their progress till they have discovered the centre of rest; no sooner had this great event taken place, than a class, powerful indeed before, but whose power was servitude, which held of the priests by the honourable tenure of knight service, but was their dependent notwithstanding, asserted its freedom, and we had a race of English gentlemen. Then the socage tenants began to feel the impulses which the Reformation had created stirring within them, and the seventeenth century was devoted to the enfranchisement of the middle classes; and lastly, the light and the heat reached even to the villains of the soil, the pensioners upon the convent's bounty; and the eighteenth century, the century of methodism and the French Revolution, made the lowest orders free agents. If then there be underneath these changes some law which has governed and directed them all, and that there is we are assured, if not by any glimpses or rudiments of it within ourselves, which few perhaps may enjoy, though all must covet, yet, certainly, by another proclamation of the same voice which has so often made us feel atheism to be impossible, it must follow, since the cycle is now completed, and no new manifestation of the law can take place, that it should be sought after as that which must bind into a perfect whole those elements to which it has permitted a partial, divided, and warring existence. Each portion of the community is now conscious of its freedom, its manhood; that consciousness can mount no higher, it can attain no greater certainty until each voluntarily submits to live in dependence upon the rest. In obedience to the same law they all became alive; what madness to suppose that the life in any of them can be increased by the death of any other! No! they must all subsist; the extinction of one would be the extinction of all. But shall they subsist amidst perpetual turbulence in endless, useless struggles for pre-eminence? Shall that spiritual attraction which prevents them from actually flying asunder never be felt through every part of the system? Shall we be always too gross and material to feel the one subject permeating each of its different relations? Shall every inhabitant of a

country never feel that he is the member of a state? Oh, Phedon, I cannot think that they speak truly who tell us the world has completed its destined revolutions, and must now stand still for very weariness. Surely we have more than mighty masses of existing evil, than huge conceptions of unachieved good, to teach us that there is yet an allotted period during which this planet will be reserved for the use of man. Is there not a mighty scheme tending to accomplishment and yet incomplete? Have not all the shocks we have experienced from the great battery of life been sent to remind us of the principle which caused them, and because we can experience no new ones shall we sing '*Nunc dimittis*,' when that principle has never glowed within us? But be it so; we shall not employ ourselves unworthily nor unfit our souls for any sphere into which they may be removed, if we are seeking within them for those laws of which they report the existence, or endeavouring to excite our fellow-men to discover and obey them likewise.

PHEDON.—I understand then that you consider the middling class the copula between both the others, and consequently that in which we shall find the principle of the state visibly manifested?

ARTHEGALL.—Alas! my friend, you have recalled me from glorious hopes of the future to sad contemplation of the present. I said, indeed, that the middling class was destined to hold that position, for this is proved, not by history and by all the analogy of nature merely, but by the common feeling of mankind; for which of us has not been in the habit of accounting for the absence of union or stability in this or that nation by its want of a middle class? But if I bade you seek in the middle class of England for the law by which Englishmen are bound together, I should be committing an absurdity, compared with which that of illustrating the regularity of nature's proceedings by a reference to comets would be as nothing. On the contrary, I should tell you with great good reason, to contemplate the middle class, as a mirror in which are exhibited the confusion and turbulence that distract the whole of society. Whatever materials of discontent exist elsewhere, are scattered among others which tend to coherence and consolidation; here elements of strife are collected in a cauldron, of which that described in '*Macbeth*' is an imperfect symbol. No feelings so contradictory can be conceived that you may not find them all together in one of this order. He is self-conceited, yet he is utterly dissatisfied; he hates the upper class, yet he is constantly struggling to push his way into it; he is tyrannical to the class below him, yet he will fight for it, as a wife for the child whom she has been beating almost to death, if it is assaulted by the higher class; he is fond of running into the country, but he detests nature; he talks about the march of intellect, but he abhors books; he is constantly aiming at luxuries, but he eschews refinements as if they were sinful; he unites puritanism with the most offensive and gloating grossness; he is constantly railing against statesmen who betray their country, and he does not feel that he possesses a country; he will not waste money on his children's education, and he pays for sending them to schools at which they learn nothing; he would cut down an oak tree because it is of no use, and will lay out hundreds upon a law-suit; he allows no one to carry on their own affairs if he can interfere with them, and complains that he is not allowed a moment's rest; he thinks the state only continues to exist in consequence of his exertions; and he tells you that the aristocracy is so powerful that he can do nothing.

PHEDON.—And it is with this promising class that you propose to commence your reform of English society?

ARTHEGALL.—The task is hopeless if we do not commence here.

PHEDON.—Have you thought of any remedies, for I confess if the case be what you describe, it seems to me desperate.

ARTHEGALL.—I do not think so; but if you are not quite tired of the subject we will resume it on

some future occasion; and, if you please, our next meeting shall not be in this library, where my eyes are annoyed with the perpetual intrusion of that large manufactory, but under my favourite oak tree in the adjoining park, whence you catch a beautiful glimpse of the river and of the castle (sacred to you by so many recollections) upon the opposite bank. We shall be tempted to speak hardly of our countrymen, and it is good, lest we should fall into abuse of our country likewise, to be reminded of her sunny glades, her streams, and her woods.

LE SOUPER DE BEAUCAIRE.

[In the appendix to the first volume of '*M. de Bourrienne's Memoirs*' is a reprint of the Jacobin publication, '*Le Souper de Beaucaire*,' written by Bonaparte. Sir Walter Scott, in his '*Life of Napoleon*,' says, that the work is so scarce that it is almost impossible to meet with a copy. In fact it was sedulously bought up by Napoleon when he had arrived at the consulate, and when the ideas which he then desired to encourage differed widely from those which he had advocated in the '*Souper de Beaucaire*.' The English biographer of Napoleon, it is clear, had not seen the pamphlet, since he describes it very imperfectly as a dialogue between Marat and a Federalist. The re-publication, which is now before us, differs somewhat, as the publisher of the '*Memoirs*' informs us, from other reprints, made since 1814; but is to be relied on as authentic, having been taken from the papers put into the hands of his secretary by Napoleon himself. For the principal share of the interest with which it will be read, it will be indebted no doubt to the character of its author, and on that ground alone we hope to render an acceptable service to our readers in presenting them with a translation of it.

It will only be necessary further to state, that the dialogue was written while the Federalists of Marseilles and other parts of the south of France were in arms, in opposition to the Jacobins, and had for its object to dissuade the former from persisting in the course they were pursuing*.]

I HAPPENED to be at Beaucaire the last day of the fair, where my companions, at the supper table, consisted of two merchants of Marseilles, a man of Nîmes, and a manufacturer of Montpellier.

After a few attempts at reconnoitring, it was discovered that I had come from Avignon, and was a soldier. The minds of my companions, which, during the whole week, had been occupied with the turn of the markets, by which they might augment their fortune, were at this moment engaged on the result of the actual events on which the preservation of it depended; they sought to find out my opinion, in order that, by comparing it with their own, they might get rules of conduct for themselves, and notions of probabilities for the future, which appeared to us under different aspects: the two Marseillais especially appeared the least petulant; the evacuation of Avignon had taught them not to be too certain of any thing. They only retained a great anxiety for their future lot. Mutual confidence soon rendered us gabblers, and we began a conversation pretty nearly in the following terms:

THE NIMOIS.—Is the army of Cartaux strong? It is said that a great many men fell in the attack; but if it be true that it was repulsed, why did the Marseillais evacuate Avignon?

SOLDIER.—The army consisted of four thousand men when it attacked Avignon: it now amounts to six thousand, ere four days expire, it will be ten thousand strong.

It suffered a loss of five killed and eleven wounded; it was not repulsed, for it made no formal attack; it hovered about the town, endeavoured to force the gates by petards, fired a few cannon, to see what sort of order the garrison was in, and then, as a matter of course, retired into camp, to arrange the attack for the succeeding night. The Marseillais were three thousand six hundred in number; their

* In the manuscripts of St. Helena, says Sir Walter Scott, 'Napoleon mentions this publication as one in which he assumed the mask of Jacobin principles, merely to convince the Girondists and Royalists that they were choosing an unfit time for insurrection, and attempting it in a hopeless manner.' He adds, that it made many converts.

artillery was more numerous and of larger calibre, and yet they were obliged to repossess the Durance. That astonishes you: but old troops only are fit to withstand the uncertainties of a siege.

We were masters of the Rhone, of Villeneuve, and of the open country; we had cut off all their communications. They could not do otherwise than evacuate the town. The cavalry followed them in their retreat; we took many prisoners and two pieces of cannon.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—This is not the account we have had, but I will not dispute it with you since you were present; but you must own that all this proves nothing. Our army is at Aix, three good generals have arrived to supersede the former commanders; new battalions are raising at Marseilles; we have a fresh train of artillery, several twenty-four pounders; in a few days we shall be in a condition to retake Avignon, or at least we shall remain masters of the Durance.

SOLDIER.—This is just what the designing tell you, in order that they may plunge you into the abyss which grows deeper every moment, and which perhaps may swallow up the finest town in France, that which has best deserved of the patriots; but you threatened also to overrun France, to give the law to the republic, and yet at the very first steps you make you meet with checks; you were told that Avignon could hold out long against an army of 20,000 men, and yet a single column of the army, unprovided with besieging artillery, become masters of the place in twenty-four hours; you were told that the whole south was in arms, and you found yourself alone; you were told that the Nîmes cavalry was gone to crush the Allobroges, and yet the latter were already at St. Esprit and Villeneuve; you were told that 4000 men from Lyons were marching to aid you, and yet the Lyonnais were treating for an accommodation.

Open your eyes then and convince yourselves that you are deceived, suspect the want of skill of your leaders, and mistrust their calculations.

The most dangerous of all advisers is self-love; you are by nature lively, and the designing lead you on to your ruin by the same means which have ruined so many people, by flattering your vanity; you have wealth and a considerable population, but these are exaggerated before your eyes; you have rendered brilliant services to the cause of liberty, you are reminded of them, but you are not told, as you ought to be at the same time, that the genius of the republic was with you then, and that now it has abandoned you.

Your army, you say, is at Aix, with a grand train of artillery and good generals. Well! let it do what it will, I can assure you that it will be beaten.

You had 3600 men; a full half of these are dispersed; Marseilles, with some refugees from the department, may make you up 4000 men; you will have then between five and six thousand men, unconnected, without unity, and altogether inexperienced in war.

You say you have good generals; Not knowing them I can not deny their skill; but they will be taken up with the details; they will not be seconded by those under them, they will not be able to do any thing that shall be worthy of the reputation they may have acquired already, for it will require two months to bring their army to a tolerable state of discipline, and within four days Cartaux will have passed the Durance—and with what soldiers? With the excellent light troops of the Allobroges, the old regiment of Burgundy, an entire regiment of cavalry, the brave battalion of the Côte-d'or, which has already five times combated in the wake of victory, and six or seven other corps, all old soldiers, flushed with their success on the frontiers and over your army.

You have your 18 and your 24-pounders, and you think yourselves impregnable; you follow the opinion of the multitude; but the expert will tell you, and a fatal experience will soon show you, that good four and eight-pounders have as much effect in

a campaign war as those of heavy calibre, and in many respects are preferable; you have newly-raised canoneers, and your adversaries have the artillerymen of the regiments of the line, who in their art are the masters to Europe.

What will your army do if it concentrates itself at Aix? It is lost. It is an axiom in the military art, that he who remains behind his entrenchments is beaten. On this point practice and theory are agreed, and the walls of Aix are not to be compared with the worst field entrenchment, especially if regard be had to their extent, and to the houses which surround them on the outside within pistol-shot. Be persuaded then that the party which appears to you the best is the worst. Moreover, how in so short a time will you be able to stock the town with the necessary provisions? Will your army march out to meet the enemy? It has no cavalry, it is less in number, its artillery is less fit for the field; its ranks will be broken, and thenceforth discomfiture to a certainty, for the cavalry will prevent its rallying.

Do you expect then to have the war within the territory of Marseilles? A very considerable party there is inclined for the republic; that will be the moment for an effort; a junction will take place; and this city, the centre of commerce with the Levant, the emporium of the south of Europe, is lost. Beshink ye of the recent example of Lisle, and of the barbarous usages of war.*

But what giddy spirit has on a sudden seized on your people? What fatal blindness conducts it to its ruin? How can it think of resisting the whole republic? Even should it oblige this army to fall back on Avignon, can it be doubted that in a few days a new army will supply the former one? Will the republic which gives the law to Europe receive it from Marseilles?

In union with Bordeaux, Lyons, Montpellier, Nismes, Grenoble, and the Jura, the Eure, and the Calvados, you undertook a revolution. You had a probability of success. The designs of your instigators might have been bad, but you constituted an imposing mass of force; on the contrary, now that Lyons, Nismes, Montpellier, Bordeaux, the Jura, the Eure, Grenoble, Caen, have acknowledged the constitution; now that Avignon, Tarascon, Arles, have yielded, acknowledge that your persisting is madness; you are governed, in fact, by persons, who, having nothing to hope themselves, would involve you in their ruin.

Your army will be composed of your citizens of most easy circumstances, of your rich men, for the sans culottes might be too easily turned against you. You are about then to put the chosen of your youth accustomed to hold the commercial balance of the Mediterranean, to enrich you by their economy and their speculations, against old soldiers, a hundred times marked with the blood of the furious aristocrat and the ferocious Prussian.

Let poor countries fight to the last extremity; let the inhabitant of the Vivarais, of the Cevenes, of Corsica, expose himself without hesitation to the risk of battle; if he loses he is the same as before, in a situation to make peace and to resume his former position. But you! if you lose a battle, the fruits of a thousand years of labours, of trouble, of economy, of good fortune, become the prey of the soldier. Yet such are the risks to which you are so inconsiderately exposed.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—Not so fast, you startle me. I agree with you that our situation is critical; it may indeed be that the position in which we stand has not been duly weighed, but you must still allow that we have immense resources to oppose to you.

You have convinced me that we could not resist at Aix; your observation with regard to the want of provisions, is, perhaps, not to be answered as far as concerns a siege of long continuance; but do you think that the whole of Provence would look on with

indifference the while Aix was blockading? It would rise to a man, and your army, surrounded on all sides, would deem itself fortunate should it be permitted to repossess the Durance.

SOLDIER.—How little you seem to know the nature of man, and the spirit of the times; every where are there two parties; from the moment that you are besieged, the party of the sections will be lowermost throughout the country; the example of Tarascon, of St. Remy, of Orgon, of Arles, must convince you of this; twenty dragoons have been enough to establish the old functionaries and put the others to rout.

Henceforth every movement of consequence in your favour in your department is impossible; there might have been a chance of it when the army was on the other side of the Durance, and you were unbroken. At Toulon opinions are more divided, and the sections have not the same superiority as at Marseilles; they must remain at home therefore to keep a check on the opposite party. As to the department of the Basses Alps, you are not ignorant that there the constitution has been accepted almost to a man.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—We will attack Cartaux among our mountains, where his cavalry will be of no use to him.

SOLDIER.—As if an army defending a town could choose its point of attack! Besides it is a mistake to suppose that the mountains in the vicinity of Marseilles are such as to render ineffectual the operations of cavalry: on the other hand, it is true enough that your hills are just so abrupt as to embarrass the action of the artillery, and consequently to give a great advantage to your enemy; for it is precisely in such situations of broken ground, that by the vivacity of his movements, the exactness with which the guns are served, and the nice calculation of distances, the skilful artilleryman exercises his superiority.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—You think, then, there is no resource for us! Is it possible that it can be the lot of this town, which resisted the Romans, which preserved part of its own laws under the despots who succeeded them, to become the prey of a handful of brigands? What, shall the Allobroges, laden with the spoil of Lisle, dictate the law in Marseilles? What! shall Dubois de Crancé and Albitte have it all their own way? What! shall these blood-thirsty men, whom the unfortunate events of the day have placed at the helm of affairs, be absolute masters? How wretched the prospect you hold out to us! Our property would be seized under divers pretexts; every moment should we be the victims of a soldiery, kept to their colours only by pillage; our best citizens would be imprisoned, and perish unlawfully. The club would again exalt its monstrous head, and accomplish its infernal purposes! Can there be a more horrible idea than this! Far better will it be to take the chance, however slight, of conquering, than to be the victim, without any alternative.

SOLDIER.—See what civil war is! Men injure, abhor, and kill each other, without knowing why. The Allobroges! What do you take them for? For Africans, for inhabitants of Siberia! No such thing, they are your countrymen, men of Provence, of Dauphiny, and Savoyards; you deem them barbarians, because their name is foreign. If they were called your Phalanx, the Phœcean Phalanx, the most extravagant fables might be told in their favour, and be credited. You have called to mind, it is true, one fact against them; the affair of Lisle. I do not justify it, but I would explain it. The Lillois killed the trumpeter that was sent to them: they resisted, without a hope of success; their town was taken by assault, the soldiers entered in the midst of fire and over the bodies of the dead; to restrain them was impossible; indignation did the rest.

The soldiers whom you call brigands are our best troops, our most disciplined battalions; their fame is above the reach of calumny. Dubois Crancé and Albitte are the firm friends of the people; they have never deviated from the straight course; they are bad men only to the eyes of the knaves; but Con-

dorcet, Brissot, Barbaroux, were also bad men while they were true; it is the prerogative of the good to be in bad odour with the wicked. You think they have no consideration for you, while, on the contrary, they treat you as erring children. Do you think that if they had pleased otherwise, Marseilles could have withdrawn her merchandise, from Beaucaire? they could have taken it all in sequestration until the war had ceased? but they would not, and thanks to them therefore you may return peaceably to your homes. You call Cartaux an assassin, yet know that this general is most anxious to preserve order and discipline, witness his conduct at St. Esprit and Avignon. At St. Esprit, he had a serjeant imprisoned for having disregarded the asylum of a citizen who harboured a soldier belonging to your army; this soldier was guilty of having entered without a specified order or information, into the house of a private individual. At Avignon, certain inhabitants of the place were punished for denouncing a house as aristocratic. A soldier, if accused of theft, is prosecuted; your army, on the contrary, has killed and assassinated more than thirty persons, has violated the sanctuary of private abodes, has filled the prisons with citizens under the vague pretence that they were brigands.

Fear not the army; it holds Marseilles in esteem, because it knows no town which has made so many sacrifices for the general good; 18,000 of your men are on the frontiers, and under no circumstances have you spared yourselves. Throw off the yoke then of a paltry body of aristocrats, by whom you are guided, resume sound principles, and you will find the army you dread the surest friends you have.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—Ah your army! sadly has it degenerated from the army of 1789, which refused to bear arms against the nation; yours should imitate that good example, and not turn its weapons against citizens.

SOLDIER.—Under such a doctrine, the Vendéans would by this time have planted the Drapeau blanc on the restored Bastille, and the camp of Jales would rule Marseilles.

THE MARSEILLAIS.—The Vendéans want a king; they want a decided counter-revolution; the war of Vendée, of the camp of Jales, is the war of fanaticism and despotism; ours, on the contrary, is that of true republicans attached to the laws, and friends to order, enemies of anarchy and of the wicked. Do we not bear the tri-coloured cockade? And what could it serve us to wish for slavery?

(To be concluded in our next.)

TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

(Fragments from an Unpublished Journal.)*

ESTEEM FOR PHYSICIANS.

No character is held in such high estimation and request throughout the East as that of a physician. A medical man, with a little knowledge of Persian and Turkish, might make his way alone and without molestation from Constantinople to Pekin. The moment the news is spread abroad that a Frangée Hakkem, that is an European doctor, is arrived, the whole village is in a ferment. On awaking at a resting place, the doctor is sure to find a large crowd waiting his levee; the throng will be less splendid perhaps than that which flocks to the apartment of a prime minister, for it consists of all the sick, the blind, and the halt of the village. Not a soul but has had, or is to have, some complaint, and not one complaint alone but fifty. Their account of their ailments also is most particular; they go into full details of their rise, progress, and present state of their disorders, and intermix them with anecdotes of themselves and families, highly interesting to the narrators no doubt, but most wearisome to him who is condemned to hear them. All that the doctor can do is to prescribe as long as his patience will endure, and then have the assembly dismissed with a big

* Lisle, a small town of the department of Vaucluse, at four leagues east of Avignon, having held out against the army of Cartaux, was carried by assault the 26th July.

* Erratum in the fragment in our last number;—for Ourns, read Avras.

stick by Hadgie Baba. This mode of relief, however summary, is absolutely necessary; entreaties and exhortations are of no avail, and mild words only serve to render the claimants more importunate.

The science of medicine in Persia is, like all other branches of knowledge, at a very low ebb. Modern European improvements are as wholly unknown as the studies of anatomy, surgery, and chemistry. In lieu of these, there exists abundance of presumption, and bigotry the invariable attendants on ignorance. 'In how many days will you cure me?' is the first question asked of his physician by the man at the point of death. The other invariably answers in three, four, or five days, according to the rank of the patient. If by chance the sick man recovers, the physician of course takes all the credit to himself, should he die, it is God Almighty that killed him. Yet the Persians themselves in health make the proceedings of these quacks the subject of their ridicule, and the following anecdote of one of the faculty, who was even more than usually unfortunate in his practice, is current amongst them and related with great glee: 'Have you taken my medicine?' was the habitual question. 'Yes.' 'How do you find yourself?' 'Much worse,' was the invariable reply. On this our doctor would console himself and his patient by observing, 'but if you had not taken it you do not know what might have happened.' On one occasion he desired a sick man to be bled copiously. He called a short time afterwards to know the effect of his prescription, and was told that the man had died immediately after the operation. 'Ah,' said he, 'it was well that he was bled, for who can tell what would have happened?'

RELIGIOUS DISPUTANTS.

A DISPUTE occurred in my tent between a Tartar prince of Crimea and a Mussulman who had lived a good deal among the Russians, and who was attached to his religion rather from prejudice than conviction. The family of the prince was ruined by the Russians in their invasion of the Crimea, and the prince himself fell, while quite an infant, into the hands of some Englishmen in the Caucasus, who converted him to Christianity. The dispute waxed warm; the Mussulman was by far the cleverer man of the two; the prince was driven to an extremity, and was at last induced to make use of assertion instead of argument, and to charge his opponent with being on the high road to the devil, as all Mahometans are, and therefore not to be argued with. 'And,' says Aga Beg, (the Mussulman,) 'are your father and mother and all your relations gone to the devil? I will confess to you that, for my own part, I look on one religion to be as good as another; but I cannot help despising from my soul the man who denies that of his parents, and says that his father and mother were infidels, and are gone to the devil.'

MARRIAGE AMONG THE MAHOMETANS.

The Mahometan law resembles that of the Jews in considering it highly commendable for a man to marry the widow of his deceased brother. Mirza Husn, vizir to the prince, died in 1811, and his brother, Mirza Hussein, shortly afterwards took the widow to wife. He too fell dangerously ill, and, when he was at the point of death, the poor woman was divorced from him, under the persuasion that she was a person who brings bad fortune with her. Notwithstanding this judicious precaution, the young man died. The widow was again married, by order of the king, to a third brother, Mirza Abul Casim; this marriage took place without the knowledge of his other wives, a manner of proceeding which the newly-married lady regarded as an insult, and the consequence was that she fled with all her attendants to the house of her father-in-law.

So much has been said and written of the tyranny of eastern husbands, that it would hardly be credited that such a being as a hen-pecked husband exists in Persia, yet the character is by no means uncommon, nor is it rare to see one who bears it rather proud than ashamed of it. The fair sex in Persia insist on their rights with as much obstinacy as European ladies would do. Education, it should seem, has but little effect on

the disposition. It is quite mortifying to perceive Persian women devoid of knowledge and intellectual accomplishments as much influenced by a love of dress, by vanity, and a thirst for admiration, by jealousy, and impatience of rivalry, as the most high-bred and accomplished ladies in a civilized country. To do the former justice, however, it must be owned also that they partake, with our fair, inherent qualities of a more worthy kind. The duties of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, are performed here as in all other countries, in every degree of devotion and affection. In cases where wives are bad, the fault here as elsewhere is generally on the side of the husband, for of universal application seems the Italian proverb, '*Buon cacciatore, buon cane; buon padrone, buon servitore; buon marito, buon moglie.*'

PRINCELY MANNERS OF ABBAS MIRZA.

Few men possess such elegant, polished, and fascinating manners as the Prince Abbas Mirza. He is kind and encouraging to all; and the Persians say truly, that he has a sugar tongue which there is no resisting; his manners are easy and affable to the last degree. If there be any thing in a man he cannot fail to extract it from him, for he makes the greatest stranger feels perfectly at home by a flattering and good-natured mode of addressing him; yet those who have been about the person of the prince for years, have never seen him so far forget himself as to use an unbecoming or undignified expression himself, or afford an opportunity of doing so to any with whom he conversed.

MOUNT ARARAT.

From a little above the village of Meraud, the top of Mount Ararat, at a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, and lying N.N.W., is to be seen quite plain. The village has the reputation of being very ancient, and the natives have a tradition that Noah's mother was buried there—a point of discussion for antiquaries.

THE ARAXIS.

The climate in the neighbourhood of the Araxis, called by the modern Persians Avras, is remarkable for the intensity of each extreme of heat and cold. In the summer, the thermometer is sometimes as high as 102°. and in the winter, the river, although deep and rapid, has been completely frozen over, and that indeed so effectually, that camels and mules laden have passed in perfect safety for a month together. It is considered as an extremely unprofitable river, for the banks are for the most part quite barren; and in few places are its waters employed for the purposes of irrigation.

PERSIAN MELONS.

The district of Gerger is particularly famous for its melons. And in Persia only can this fruit be eaten in full perfection. The musk melons are quite different from those of Europe. They melt in the mouth like sugar, and are almost as sweet. They are perfectly aromatic, without possessing that overpowering smell that our's have. At Shiraz and Isfahan, where the heat, during the summer months, is extreme, they arrive at great perfection, and are so delicate and so much prized, that people are stationed near where they grow, to prevent horsemen from galloping past them, since the concussion of the earth, even from so slight a cause as the galloping of a horse would cause them to burst, if perfectly ripe. Notwithstanding the power of the sun, and the richness of the soil in those places, the strongest and most heating manure, such as the sweepings of pigeon houses, is used for the beds in which they are planted. Isfahan is particularly renowned for its winter melons.

LETTER FROM CAROLINE*.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ATHENÆUM.'

SIR,—What had become of your courtesy to our sex, when you inserted in your last week's number that extremely rude attack upon my dear Mrs. B.?

* Vide 'Conversations on Political Economy,' for the dialogues between Mrs. B. and Caroline.

The author of your essay on 'Oikology' was resolved, it seems, to prove, for his own purposes, that all 'recent statists', as he designates our writers on Political Economy, repose 'implicit faith' in the policy of consolidating small farms and ejecting small tenants: a doctrine which, he cannot but own, does in no shape necessarily follow from the commonly recognised principles of the science; and which, it may be added, can as little plead in its favour the common consent of its most distinguished teachers. This common consent, however, being requisite to the argument of your essayist, he proceeds to procure it, according to the most approved recipe for the production of that commodity in all cases. 'Stronger evidence could not be produced,' he thinks, 'of the implicit faith reposed in the above-mentioned doctrine than that in a little book which is written with the avowed purpose of teaching political economy to children; (no such purpose is avowed in the 'Conversations,') the opening chapter is employed in removing the erroneous impressions upon this subject, which the authoress imagines they must have derived from the perusal of 'Goldsmith's Deserted Village.' Now, of all this discussion, (you may stare Mr. Editor,) my dear Mrs. B. is chargeable with not one syllable. On the contrary, when in the sequel (not on the threshold) of the work she touches on the subject in question, she distinctly states that rules must change as situations differ; while she expresses herself, on the whole, convinced of the benefit which a peasantry may generally derive from the possession of some portion of land. The soundness of your essayist's conclusion may be judged of, which assumes as its *strongest* evidence a text which has no existence.

A gentleman, a very old friend of Mrs. B., who was excessively enraged by the perusal of the essay in 'The Athenæum,' is the author of the enclosed critique, which, he bids me say, he knows cannot bear the least comparison with that essay in point of liveliness and vigour of composition; but which, he thinks, may nevertheless do good in the present awful crisis, and help perhaps to stem the tide of anarchy and revolution. For he is fully persuaded, and really I think on very fair grounds, that your essayist, the quarterly reviewer, and the remnant of that 'desperate and degraded faction,' the old Tories, having failed, in combination with the mob and the parsons, to perpetuate the exclusion of the Catholics, are resolved at least to reward and encourage their allies with the spoils of all respectable proprietors in the country. There is, therefore, to be a general spoliation of landed property, conformably to the principles of Tom Paine and Mr. Owen, excepting only the estates of the great Tory conspirators, and the tithes of the seditious clergy. I am sure, sir, if you have lent yourself unwittingly to the projects of these dangerous men, you will abjure all communion with them henceforth, and assist in holding them up to the abhorrence of all peaceable and well-disposed persons.

I am, sir, yours with great respect,
CAROLINE.

CRITIQUE OF AN ESSAY ON 'OIKOLOGY.'

The complaint is as old at least as the 'Apology of Socrates,' that even successful labourers in the separate fields of knowledge rarely acquire a thorough scientific insight into the nature of their own peculiar study, far less a just perception of its relative position in the scale of universal science. That political economy can claim no exemption from the common lot of human pursuits, need excite no surprise, if we consider of how various mental calibre are its students: nor is it a whit more wonderful that the errors thus admitted have been made the theme of much exaggeration. For the science in question has not only had to struggle with all whom interest, real or imagined, has enlisted against its diffusion, but has been thwarted by the constant, though inert, resistance of all who find it conversant with objects which they despise, or embarrassed with inglorious difficulties.

Political economy, from the force of its name, is expected to expound the law of the house. From hence the essayist on 'Oikology' thinks fit to infer that it pretends to teach the management of the state. Now, though something like a colour may be found for this charge in the works of some political economists, it has really no legitimate foundation: even if we adopt that definition of the science, which is perhaps the most objectionable, because the most vague, and which affirms it as being to the state what domestic economy is to the family. Now, no one surely takes the term, *domestic economy*, to include the total management of a family. No one takes it to mean the law of the house, as comprising any thing more than industrial and material arrangements. No one can suppose that it is meant to embrace the moral regulation of a family.

But this, it will be said, is not an answer to the charge against political economy. 'It can make no difference whether the subject matter is a house, a state, a star, or the earth; the law must be something perfectly distinct, and above that of which it is the law; and to assert that it is otherwise in this study, is merely to confess that this one study is not a science, that it deserves no better name than that bestowed on it of 'Oikology?' Now, pray, who asserts that it is otherwise? Who, that is familiar with the study in question can choose but recognize its grand and leading principles to be distinct from every thing special and local, to be as general as the laws of human industry, as permanent as the course of physical nature? Who that understands the great discoveries which have raised it to the rank of a science, can help perceiving that their authors have announced them in terms as universal as the truths of mathematics? But it is rather too hard to insist that a study which is capable of popular illustration, as well as of treatment strictly scientific, should be withheld altogether, save from those who can receive it in an abstract form. It is rather too hard, that a science which furnishes principles for our guidance on points which are of daily and of hourly practice, should be excluded from an audience in the senate or the cabinet, because it is something dignified, distinct, and superior!

Here the enemy may attempt to take advantage of the narrow and definite limits, within which we have restricted ourselves. If the science which we advocate teach really nothing more than laws analogous to those of private economy, with what face can we advance on its part an independent claim to be attended to in affairs of public importance? For the mere pursuit of wealth, it may be said, is as unworthy of a nation as it is of an individual. To this it may suffice to reply, that wealth is a sine qua non for many purposes of a purely moral nature; and that the time of day is past when those could be scouted with success who erect the principles of its production and distribution into a separate and independent science. When Burke affirmed that 'prudence was the god of this lower world,' he did not mean to question the existence of higher moral qualities, the object of higher sciences: but he meant to mark the limits of the science of politics—a science of which the highest generalities can embrace no wider field than Universal Expediency. In like manner, the science of Political Economy is perfectly content with the sphere of universal industry. It gives itself no trouble either with savages, who feed upon the acorns that may fall at their feet, or with philosophers who amuse themselves with decrying one science because it does not bear the fruits of half-a-dozen others. All that it asserts, is, that wherever there is labour, the central principle of all its demonstrations exists: and that, wherever the fruits of labour are made matter of exchange, or employed in the production of farther fruits—in other words, wherever there is division of labour and capital, there is all that is required for the establishment of its principal and leading truths. The science is rendered necessarily complex by the cir-

cumstances attendant on the progress of society,—such as rent, foreign commerce, and taxation; but its main subject springs into existence with the earliest institution of property.

But—'Political Economy is the youngest of all studies'—and thence it is inferred by your essayist, who appears to have detected a hitherto unperceived resemblance between the systems of Ricardo and of Tycho Brahe, or else a no less marvellous similitude of statistics with judicial astrology,—that political economy will surely share the fate of all studies which have arrogantly asserted 'a direct dominion over the whole material universe.' There are only two objections to the statement and the inference. The first is, that no force of jugglery or of mystery could impose upon the present age the despotism of any single study or system. The second is, that the science has traversed already the vicissitudes laid down by your essayist.

Political Oikology is no such chicken. Its origin—not to meddle with antiquity—is at all events coeval with the birth of manufactures and of commerce in Europe. It was then that its perverse and artificial rules might have been said, with something like justice, to 'assert a direct dominion over the whole material universe.' Corporations were its well-endowed colleges; monopolists its irrefragable doctors; the balance of trade its most applauded discovery; and the mercantile system its 'consummate flower.' Moreover, will the essayist, who appears to be persuaded that the dawning of the present improved notions of the science is so totally a mere thing of yesterday, inform us whether Sir Dudley North's discoveries were subsequent or previous to Sir Isaac Newton's? Since that period, the improved method employed in other sciences has served as a model to the beautiful unpretending simplicity which has characterised the science of political economy, as it has come to us through the hands of Adam Smith and his successors. It becomes us well to stigmatize with arrogant pretension a study of which the whole results and tendencies have gone to strengthen the simple rules of morality and justice, and to give a late effect and execution to that code which offers 'peace on earth, and good will to men.'

Finally, in contrasting the effect of this pursuit with that of others on the minds of its votaries, the essayist observes that 'the student, in any one of the more perfect sciences, feels so much interest in the knowledge which he is acquiring, that he cares for little else; or if he is a benevolent man, he feels confident that he is strengthening his mind in the best possible way for the service of his fellow creatures. But the political Oikologist feels nothing of all this.' Does he not? I will not debate the question; but I cannot forbear from offering what appears to me an antidote to the spirit of vague and objectless speculation, towards which there seems a certain bent in the reflections of the essayist.

'There is found in the mind of man,' observes Lord Bacon, 'an affection naturally bred and fortified, and furthered by discourse and doctrine, which does pervert the true proceeding towards active and operative knowledge. This is a false estimation, that it should be as a diminution to the mind of man to be much conversant in experiences and particulars, subject to sense and bound in matter, and which are laborious to search, ignoble to meditate, harsh to deliver, illiberal to practise, infinite as is supposed in number, and no ways accommodate to the glory of arts. This opinion or state of mind received much credit and strength by the school of Plato, who, thinking that particulars rather revived the notions, or excited the faculties of the mind, than merely informed; and having mingled his philosophy with superstition, which never favoureth the sense, extolled too much the understanding of man in the inward light thereof.'

NEW MUSIC.

Gems à la Malibran, a Dramatic Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which are introduced five favourite Airs and Duets, with the admired embellishments and cadences, as sung by that distinguished vocalist: composed by Ignace Moscheles. Mori and Lavenau.

WE entertain considerable pleasure in announcing another publication of this deservedly eminent pianiste and composer, upon the plan of his former delightful and very successful Fantasias, '*Gems à la Sontag*,' '*Gems à la Pasta*,' and '*Echoes of the Alps*.'

This new and estimable effusion is equally valuable and interesting with the former, and should hold a place with them in every musical collection.

An arpeggio introduction (in G, of two pages), leads into the first melody, '*Se m'abbandoni*,' (*Nicetri*): an andantino in D, which, by appropriate and ingenious writing, modulates into Mozart's beautiful duet, '*Sull' Aria*,' (*Figaro*) exhibited in its original key of B flat; a clever double cadence (imitative of such as Malibran sings with Sontag,) leads into a brilliant allegro formed upon '*Vincisti iniqua*,' and '*Ah se vedo*,' (*Il Sigismondo*) in G; this is followed by Mozart's '*Vedrai carino*,' (*Il Don Giovanni*); at the termination of which, Moscheles has, with scientific ability, introduced some enharmonic transitions through the keys A flat, E natural, &c., into the key of D, for '*Dolce Pensiero*,' (*Semiramide*) concluding with the spirited and clever air, '*Bel raggio lusinghier*,' from the same opera.

The whole presents a beautiful collection of airs, amalgamated into a fine sonata (without being very difficult of performance,) by a great master.

The Disowned, a Ballad of the olden time: written by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson: composed and dedicated to his friend, Joseph Gould, Esq., by John Barnett. Barnett and Co.

WE have so frequently complimented this popular writer upon his compositions, that it may be imagined we entertain a little prejudice and favouritism; but, no!—his ballads are the best things going of the sort, and '*The Disowned*' is one of the best among the best. The language is interesting, appropriate, and dramatic; and it is wedded to clever, pleasing, and characteristic melody and ingenious harmony.

Les Bijoux, a Collection of Eighteen favourite Melodies by Rossini, Mercadante, Gluck, Meyerbeer, Rode, &c., as sung by Sontag, Malibran, Pasta, Pizaroni, Velti, Donzelli, &c.: arranged for the Flute, by L. Drouet. Cocks and Co.

THE above seductive title may possibly be quite sufficient to ensure a purchaser in every flutist that may read this '*Athenæum*,' without any further recommendation. To present an enumeration of the eighteen various airs, we shall therefore not attempt: let it suffice to say that '*Les Bijoux*' comprises all the choice morsels that may be desired, arranged (as might be expected) in the best possible manner, for the moderate price of 3s. 6d.

Fantasia and Variations on the last Waltz of Carl Maria Von Weber, for the Piano-forte, composed and inscribed to Sir George Smart, by George Warne, Organist of the Temple. Gerock.

THIS presents a very scientific and estimable piece of music, but we cannot but fear that the peculiarity of the key (A flat, with the episode in Weber's waltz to D flat,) renders it too difficult and abstruse to allow of its circulating as it deserves. It is a specimen of excellent and careful musical composition, occasionally elaborate, but always finished and polished in the best possible taste, and once more assuring us that Mr. Warne is a highly talented and ingenious writer.

THE DRAMA.

English Opera House.

A STRING of wretched puns and bad jokes, a halting dialogue which links them together, and the indiscretion of over zealous friends trying the temper of the moderates by obstreperous and ill-timed applause, had well nigh caused the wreck of a new Interlude, 'Soid for a Song,' brought out at this theatre on Saturday night. The little piece seems nevertheless sea-worthy, and if well managed may perform a short voyage, with profit to the owners. Count Cremona is a pseudo-dilettante of the finest of all fine arts—music. He has a marriagable niece, Adelle, Miss Cawse, whom he is resolved to bestow on none but a first-rate singer. With this view he has sent out invitations calling on the most celebrated proficient of harmony to attend on a certain day, and warble in competition for his amiable niece. Adelle, however, has different notions on the matter. She has placed her affections on an Englishman, and singer or no singer will have him and him alone—Fortunately the Briton has a musical talent, and hence the following stratagem is planned at the instigation of the Abigail Eliza, Miss H. Cawse, and most happily executed. The invitations have been intercepted by Dense, Mr. C. Salter, the serving man of Count Cremona. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour, a Spanish minstrel makes his appearance, and claims to be admitted to display his talent and become a candidate for the fair hand of Adelle. The Count and niece are equally enchanted with his performance, and the latter is quite willing to accept him for better for worse. Another candidate for her hand appears, and he also claims to be heard. This is a French troubadour. Count Cremona is in ecstasy; the niece enraptured—Oh! she will have the troubadour—him and the Spaniard, both; when, lo! another pretender in the person of an Englishman. An English singer! Psha! Psha! The Count hears him through his ballad, however, although with impatience and nausea; and here ends the unanimity between guardian and ward.—Mademoiselle vows that the Englishman is as good a singer as either the Frenchman or the Spaniard, and declares she will have him too—all three of them for her husband. Cremona's prejudices, however, are insurmountable, until Alfred sings the commencement of the Spanish and French airs, and astonishes him by the disclosure, that Spaniard, Frenchman, and Englishman are one.

The house was in excellent humour, and most of the airs were called for da capo. Some clumsy hits were attempted at the preference of foreign to English music, and Mr. Russell, the Count, gave what have been pronounced excellent imitations of Italian singers and singing.—(Very like a whale!) The audience seemed to have more sense than the actors, for an effort to gain applause by an allusion to national glory entirely failed of effect, not a single pair of hands were brought together to acknowledge the appeal. One or two of the airs assigned to Mr. Wood were pleasing examples of the style of English ballad, and were executed by him in that happy manner in which he usually balances between taste and affectation.

Haymarket.

THE novelty produced at the Haymarket, under the title of 'Fatality,' a drama in one act, is of the sentimental and serious cast. General Loverule, (Mr. Thompson,) disapproving an attachment which he perceives had grown up between his son Edward, (Mr. Brindal,) and his protégée, Susanna, (Miss F. H. Kelly,) persuades the latter to marry Bertrand, a veteran soldier, (Mr. Cooper.) Gratitude to her benefactor makes her all obedience; she becomes a good wife to a respectable husband, and is an affectionate mother to four children. The secret fire smoulders, but is not extinct. In the mean time the general executes what he deems another stroke of policy, by engaging his son to make, as he considers it, a suitable match. But in this instance there is no love on either side, and on one no principle. The na-

tural consequence is, that the lady hates her lord, and brings disgrace on his name. He abandons her to unbosom his sorrows among the friends of his childhood. So far from experiencing sympathy from his parent, he is shocked to find him attempt to procure a reconciliation, and to persuade him to forget his dishonour. He then desires to seek for consolation from her who had been the object of his early affections. He obtains an interview with Susanna, and in her finds a sympathising, although unwilling, listener to his sorrows. The husband, however, interrupts the tale, and in his rage provokes the supposed assailer of his honour to a duel. They go out together, the exchange of shots is heard, and Bertrand returning distracted throws himself at the feet of the general to ask forgiveness for his fatal precipitation. The piece is affecting, and has proved fully successful. The moral, although not new, is excellent, but is a sermon which may be preached to eternity in vain, at least until the Owen system be adopted. The scene between Edward and Susanna, the most moving of all, seemed to us, we confess, to border somewhat on the ridiculous; but the feeling of the house was evidently in its favour. Mrs. Glover, as Mrs. Lackbrain, carried off the palm of good acting.

On Monday evening 'Fatality' was succeeded by 'Laugh When You Can,' in which Mr. Cooper performed for the first time the part of Sambo; and Mrs. Glover, also for the first time, took that of Miss Gloomly. Mr. Cooper's complexion was nearly perfect, but his performance in the same degree imperfect; it was wholly devoid of character. Mrs. Glover's personation of Miss Gloomly, on the contrary, displayed that ease and richness and acquaintance with the stage which distinguished the old school of comedy, and of which she appears now the sole inheritor.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

(From 'The Berliner Conversations Blatt'.)

THE mother of Napoleon, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, resides principally in Rome, spending her summer at Albano. She is an active friend to the distressed, whom it forms her chief occupation to succour: she otherwise leads a very retired life. Sometimes, but rarely, strangers are presented to her. Her brother, the Cardinal Fesch, visits her daily, and the rest of her time is devoted to the duties of religion. The incomes, both of Madame Letitia and the Cardinal, are quite moderate; she distributes the greater part of hers among her family and the poor. The Cardinal lives on a pension assigned him by the Pope, [his allowance as cardinal, 4000 dollars per annum], and on the produce of his picture gallery, which he sells piece by piece.

Count De Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte,) has lived since the year 1814 as a citizen of the United States. He divides his time between the cares of farming and (to the great scandal of the quakers, his neighbours,) a seraglio of young and beautiful Americans. His eldest daughter Zeraide, is married to the Prince Musigano, the son of Lucien Bonaparte. The youngest, Charlotte, is also married to a cousin, namely, Charles, the son of Louis, ex-king of Holland.

The Count Saint Leu, (Louis,) notwithstanding his precarious state of health, continues to devote himself to literature; during his government in Holland, he had made acquisitions of property from his private treasury, which, on the restoration, fell into the hands of the government, and has not been accounted for to him. His wife, Hortense, daughter of Josephine, resides in Rome in the winter. Until lately, she was wont to spend a part of the year at her magnificent residence at Aremborg, on the Lake of Genfer, in Switzerland.

The Prince of Canino, (Lucien,) long since took up his abode in Rome, having bought an estate there, from which he borrowed his title. In the year 1827, he dwelt with his family, at Sinigaglia. He has lost the greatest part of his property in unsuccess-

ful speculations, and has sold his palace in Rome to his brother Jerome, Count de Montfort. One of his daughters, she to whom Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain, when Prince of Asturias, offered his hand, is married to the Prince Gabrielli; another [Mrs. Wyse is not mentioned] to Lord Dudley Stuart.

The ci-devant King of Westphalia, (Jerome,) passes the summer at his estate near Ancona, and his winter in Rome. His union with the Princess Catherine, sister of the present King of Würtemberg, and niece of the Emperor of Russia, makes his residence an agreeable point of rendezvous for all families of distinction, who come from the north to enjoy the serener sky of Italy. The ambassadors of Russia and Würtemberg never fail to join these meetings. The children are placed in the college at Sienna.

The young Princess Eliza Bacciocchi married, after the death of her mother, the son of an Italian nobleman, who is the richest proprietor in Ancona. She is handsome, and has great talents, and is considered a living likeness of Napoleon. Her father, the Prince Felix Bacciocchi resides at Bologna, rich and respected.

Political considerations have hitherto prevented the Countess Lepano, (ex-queen of Naples,) from joining her family. She lives in Austria. Her eldest daughter is married to the Marquis Papele, of Bologna, and the youngest to the Count Rasponi. Her eldest son, Achilles, is in Florida; her youngest, Lucien, in South America.

PARIS THEATRICALS.

AMONG the many dramatic novelties with which the Parisians have been regaled during the present season, is a little comic piece, susceptible it would seem, in clever hands, of considerable effect. It is entitled 'La Famille de Baron,' and is the production of the joint labours of M. J. Scribe and Melesville, and was brought out at the Théâtre Madame. The plot is as follows: Varinville, a young scapegrace, has imposed himself on the family of a respectable country noble, the Count Destailis, for a young baron, and in that character has obtained the promise of the hand of the count's daughter. As the day for the nuptial ceremony approaches, our adventurer feels at a loss to find relations whom he may present to his future father-in-law, inasmuch as he has the misfortune never to have known his own father. In the nick of time, however, his friend, St. Yves, a painter, presents himself and relieves our hero from his embarrassment by undertaking to mystify the entire family of the count appearing to each of them in a different character. St. Yves wins the favour of the blue-stocking aunt, Mademoiselle Corinne de Brevannes, the Sappho of the district, by personating a poet and improvisatore, and addressing to her extempore compliments in verse: he acts the saint and moralist in the presence of Mademoiselle Judith, while to the eyes of the count himself he plays the part of the father of a blustering gascon marquis, assuming the character of a deep politician and a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. At last his turn comes to encounter the young lady, but to his mortification, he finds that she is the object of his own adoration. His part in this dilemma is soon taken, and he sets about undoing all his own handy work by coming before the assembled family as a viscountess, the aunt of Varinville, who has had three husbands. In this character he plays off so many extravagances and impertinences as to disgust the worthy Count Destailis and his entire household, and to provoke a final rupture of the negotiation for his rival's marriage. Perlet performed the part of St. Yves;—with what effect most of our readers, who have seen that clever actor, will easily imagine. The production was received with applause, more perhaps from the excellent acting of this single performer, than from the general merits of the work; since, amidst the general shouts of approbation, were heard partial cries of *Bravo Perlet, à bas la pièce.*

ITALIAN OPERA.—The season for 1830-31, of the Italian Theatre at Paris, commenced on the 2nd of Sept. The principal performers of the company are Mesdames Pisoni, Sontag, Heingletter; M. M. Donzelli, Santini, Graziani, and Zuchudi. Zuchelli, and Malibran, are to join the corps in October. Although Sontag is announced as if already in Paris, another report represents her as 'jouant le rôle de Néréide à Dieppe;' she and the manager not being yet of perfect accord as to terms. Mademoiselle Heingletter, it appears, is a fugitive from the Court Company of the Electoral of Hesse, by whom she has been peremptorily recalled. Whether she proposes to obey the summons, we are not informed. It is not improbable that His Highness will demand the interference of the French Court.

THEATRICAL VEXATIONS IN PARIS.—A dispute has arisen between the managers of the French theatres and the farmer of an impost for the benefit of the hospitals, and other charitable institutions, to which all exhibitions in Paris, dramatic or otherwise, are subjected. This tax consists in a tenth of the price of every place; the levying of it is authorised by a law of Article 5 de la République, but has never yet been exacted from persons claiming admission by orders. The receipts have fallen off, it seems, of late, and the contractor, in the apprehension of being a loser by his bargain, has applied to the Council of Prefecture of the Seine for authority to levy the tax on persons presenting themselves with free admissions. Among others aggrieved by this measure are the dramatic authors themselves, on whom, in right of their works, and in part consideration for their labours, it has been the custom to confer the privilege of signing a certain number of free entrées. These, however, seem to have a remedy in their own hands, since, according to law, their works cannot be represented without their special permission. In consequence of the proceeding on the part of the Prefecture of Police, several dramatic writers have served the respective managers with notices in due form of law not to bring their compositions on the stage without further express authority from them. At the opening of the Italian Opera, on the 2nd of September, the tenth part of the value of every ticket, whether free or otherwise, was rigidly exacted; but the Théâtre Français refuses to submit to the order of the Council of Prefecture, contending that the tax is only to be levied on the value of the tickets sold. The question, it is expected, will be carried before the competent tribunal, when the discussion will turn on the interpretation of the word 'prix,' whether, in the case referred to, it is to be construed to signify the price paid for a ticket, or the value of it whether sold or presented gratis.

BERLIN THEATRICALS.

WHILE Mademoiselle Schechner, of whose reception at Berlin we gave an account a few weeks since, was performing to crowded houses at the Musical Theatre at Berlin, a Mademoiselle Betty Vio appeared on the boards of the Königsstadt Theatre, gained the applause of an audience equally favourable. She took leave of her Berlin admirers, after a long run of success, on the 5th of July, in the opera of the 'Merry Cobbler,' the receipts of which were assigned to her by way of extraordinary benefit, by the directors, in acknowledgment of the advantages which the funds of the theatre had derived from her exertions. His majesty, on the same occasion, testified his approbation of Mademoiselle Vio's performances, by a very handsome present. She is represented as having a very clear and powerful voice, and as being indebted in some degree for the esteem in which she is held by the amateurs of Berlin, to her reminding them in some respects, although the resemblance, it should seem, is not very strong, of their favourite Sontag. She is, moreover, a Protean songstress, and appears to be a musical Mathews in petticoats; for one of her most remarkable performances was that of a character in a piece composed expressly for her,

entitled 'The Two Sisters of Vienna,' and in which she enacted the part of two Prima Donnas of different styles of singing. Wreaths, and sonnets, and flowers, were not spared on the occasion of her leave-taking, but the enthusiasm of the audience seems to have been somewhat too eager, since these tributes were awkwardly thrown on the stage during the performance of the last scene, instead of being reserved for the re-appearance of the lady when called for after the falling of the curtain. That re-appearance, however, was not the less insisted on, on account of what had previously taken place; when she stood before the curtain, it was with difficulty that, amidst the applause and shouts of 'Bravo,' the gifted lady could find an opportunity of expressing her hope 'of returning amongst friends from whom she experienced favour and kindness so much beyond her expectation or her deserts.' In the course of the performance, when in the scene which, as a lady of quality, she breakfasts with the Abbess, she surprised and gratified her audience amazingly by introducing among the healths presented in the text, a toast to the 'prosperity of the kind Berlinese.' She was answered by the unanimous shouts of 'Hierbleiben—'stay amongst us.' Truly may Berlin be deemed the very paradise of opera singers and violin players!

MISCELLANIES.

USE OF IODINE IN THE CURE OF SCROFULA.—Dr. Lugol, physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, the only establishment in which patients declared scrophulous are admitted, has adopted iodine in the cure of scrophula with great success. His mode of administering it is two-fold, either internally, as a solution of iodine, from half a grain to a grain, in a pint or half a pint of distilled water, in which he also dissolved a certain quantity of common salt. In external applications, he used salves composed of the usual sorts of grease with certain proportions of iodine and iodate of potassium, or the simple, prot-iodate of mercury. In the space of seventeen months, M. Lugol had the opportunity of treating with this remedy 109 scrophulous patients. Of these, thirty-nine remained in the hospital at the end of the last year: thirty had quitted the establishment much benefited: thirty-six had left it perfectly cured; and there had been four on whom the treatment had proved inefficacious. M. Lugol communicated the details of his remedy, and the cures he had performed, in a memoir to the Royal Academy, and the committee to whom it was referred to inquire into the subject, reported that all the assertions of the doctor had proved exact; that the evident effect of the remedy had been established, and that M. Lugol deserved the encouragement of the Academy.

GREEK BISHOPS IN THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.—The Emperor of Austria has lately nominated to the six Greek Bishoprics, left vacant for many years past in Croatia, Slavonia, and Hungary, viz. Karstadt, on the military frontier, Offen, Temesvar, Temeschwar, Krad, Pakracz, and Werschetz. The newly named Bishop of Karstadt is Herr Lucian Muschitzky, distinguished in the country as a servian poet: and the Bishop of Pakracz, is Herr Georg Chranizlaw, formerly professor of history and oratory, in the gymnasium of Karlowitz, and since of theology in the seminary of the same place, and also celebrated for his Latin, Servian, and Slavonian poetry.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE GANGA.—According to M. Blainville, the birds which in the Southern parts of Europe, and in some of the Northern districts, are known under the name of Ganga, should be classed in the family of pigeons.

REMAINS OF LA PEROUSE.—M. Derville, who commanded the Astrolabe, in the late voyage undertaken to search for traces of the expedition of La Perouse, considers the Island, the summits of which were ob-

served fifteen leagues to windward, by the frigates La Recherche and L'Espérance, which composed the expedition of Admiral D'Entrecasteaux, in 1793, and to which the name of the Isle de la Recherche, was then given, to be the identical island, Vanikoro, on the shores of which the remnants of La Perouse's vessel have been found. The geographical position, as to latitude and longitude, of the Isle of Vanikoro, agrees exactly with that of the island to which the name of Recherche was given by D'Entrecasteaux. That island was then confounded with the number of other islands, which had been seen by the expedition, and which it had been found impossible to examine in detail.

NEW MEDICINAL DRUG.—At the sitting of the Royal Academy of the 24th ult., M. M. Caventou and François announced the discovery of a new medicine in the extract of the root of the *Kaïna chiococca racemosa*, a black root, known at Bahia by the name of *rair prêla*. The medicine is represented to be tonic without being exciting, and to possess extraordinary and valuable purgative and diuretic qualities, and to be peculiarly calculated for the treatment of dropsical cases. As to the principles to which this extract owes its medicinal properties, M. M. Caventou and François, in opposition to M. Braudes, maintain that it contains no emetin nor any similar substance.

Mr. M'Farlane's 'Constantinople in 1828,' has been translated into French, by M. M. Nettement.

TWISTING ARTERIES TO STOP HEMORRHAGE.—At the same sitting was read a memoir of M. Amusat, containing the substance of experiments, by which he had come to the conclusion that, as a mode of stopping hemorrhage, twisting the arteries was more prompt, more sure, and less painful, than binding. He had found that twisting the artery four times would stop the hemorrhage without a rupture of the internal membrane, but that on the fifth turn that membrane would break.

NEW OPERA OF MARSCHEER.—Herr Marschner, the author of the 'Vampyre,' has composed a new opera, the subject taken from 'Ivanhoe,' under the title of 'The Templar and the Jewess.'

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Among the novelties announced for publication, 'The London University Magazine' excites considerable interest. From what we have been able to learn of its literary and scientific supporters, we should imagine its success as complete. It will contain—Reviews of New Publications; matters of History, Law, and general Science; Critical and other Essays; Sketches of Character; Satires on Men and Manners; Literary and Scientific Intelligence, both foreign and domestic; Report of the Professor's Lectures; Monthly Summary of the Proceedings at the University; Miscellaneous Intelligence; Hospital and Infirmary Reports; Surgical and other cases; with Botanical, Mineralogical, Geographical, and other Tables, &c.

'The Amulet' for the emblem year is nearly complete. Mr. Hall, we understand, has obtained the co-operation of many of the most distinguished writers of the age. Among its illustrations, will be an engraving, from the King's picture, of an English cottage, by Mulready; another from Wilkie's painting of the 'Dorcy Bairn,' another from a drawing by Martin, from the burin of Le Keux, for which it is stated the engraver received 180 guineas.

'The Juvenile Forget me not' is announced for publication in November, under the superintendence of Mrs. S. C. Hall. It is, we understand, to contain twelve engravings of a very interesting character to the juvenile class, for whom it is got up.

In the press, a German and English Comparative Dictionary; calculated to facilitate to the beginner the acquisition of the German language.

M. P. P. Thoms, the translator of 'Chinese Courtship,' 'Revenue,' &c. has now ready for the press, and has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a 'History of China,' from the works of Choo-foo-tszee. The History to be comprised in one 4to. volume, and to contain a new map of China.

BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Sept.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing
A.M. & P.M.	A.M. & P.M.	at Noon			Clouds.
Mon. 31	55 56	29.99	NE to N.	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
Tues. 1	58 58	29.91	N.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 2	59 58	29.86	NE to NW	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thurs. 3	56 56	29.95	Ditto.	Clear.	Ditto.
Frid. 4	56 56	29.90	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 5	58 58	29.46	S.	Rain, P.M.	Cumulus.
Sun. 6	54 54	29.20	S.W.	Ditto.	Cumulus.

Nights fair, except on Saturday. Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 57°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.50.

Highest temperature at noon, 70°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Venus in conj. on Monday, at midnight.
 Mars in Aphelion on Thursday.
 The Moon and Jupiter in conj. on Saturday, at midnight.
 Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 72° 14' in Sagitt.
 Sun's "ditto" "ditto" 13° 44' in Virgo.
 Length of day on Sunday, 13 h. 13 m. decreased 3 h. 21 m.
 Sun's horary motion, 2' 25" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .003021.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE under DIFFICULTIES, being Part IV. of 'THE LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE,' was published on the 10th of August. This Part contains Portraits of Hunter and Ferguson, engraved on Steel.
 On the 12th September will be published, FRUITS, being Part V. of 'The Library,' London: Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

In Atlas, 4to. price 12s.; Proofs 16s.
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